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MISCELLANEOUS
POEMS
BY
JAMES TAYLOR.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

JAMES TAYLOR,

"The Royton Poet."

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS WIDOW.

OLDHAM:
PRINTED BY HIRST & RENNIE,
CHRONICLE OFFICE.

1864.

TO THE

PUBLIC OF OLDHAM, ROYTON, AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

When they undertook the task of superintending the publication of these "Miscellaneous Poems," it was felt that one of the first duties to which the Committee had to address themselves was that of the Dedication of this volume.

Their efforts, however, in obtaining subscribers to the work happily solved the difficulty, and they speedily found it to be incumbent upon them to dedicate the efforts which adorn these pages to the very generous Public, amongst whom they found a numerous body of subscribers.

They commenced their efforts with but one object—that of rendering aid to the Widow; and it is not too much to say that the public have shown a warm and hearty response to the appeals made to them. That this object may be fully realised is alike the sincere wish, and the ardent hope of

THE COMMITTEE.

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MEMOIR OF MR. JAMES TAYLOR.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Gray.

JAMES TAYLOR, the author of the following selection and numerous poems issued from the press at various periods of a long life of vicissitude and toil, was the eldest son of John Taylor, formerly of Luzley Brook, Royton, in the County of Lancaster, and was born in the year 1794, in an old cottage, still standing, in Fleet Street.

When other children are usually placed at school our poor Author was made to bat the cotton which his mother afterwards picked, as a preparation for spinning; and, when about ten years old, he was put to hand-loom weaving, and finally finished his education in the cotton trade as a power-loom weaver. Thus were his physical powers largely taxed until he had attained his 24th year, whilst he patiently performed the heavy toil allotted to him by the poverty of his parents; and before reason began to dawn upon his misery, unrelieved by hope of a brighter future, he was almost without the solace of religion, that would have led him to sustain hardships with fortitude, and assured him of their transitory nature compared with the bliss that was sure to follow beyond the portals of eternity.

Trifling incidents of life sometimes lead to important results in after-life, and turn the tide of man's career and carve out his better fortune. Thus it happened to poor Taylor, who, when in the 25th year of his age, met his cousin, Dr. Fitton, in the street, when the latter complained of another party's ill-treatment of him. Taylor indignantly exclaimed that the man's conduct deserved *imposing*. The learned doctor laughed scornfully at his cousin's ignorance and left him, little dreaming he was scorning an inert germ of future genius, requiring only cultivation to enrich the literature of his age with delineations of nature, traits of character trained to good actions, and pure gushings of harmonious lays, telling the beauties of the meads, the streams, and the woods along which he wandered, breathing the wisdom, justice, and mercy of an inscrutable Providence. The Doctor had gone, and the object of his mirth stood still, mute with astonishment, and there also stood his ministering

angel—a poor woman—who kindly informed him of his error, and that he ought to have said "exposing," instead of "imposing." She strongly advised him to learn to read, assuring him of the pleasure it would give to him. He listened with surprise and rapture; his mind seemed to be suddenly leaping into life, and away he hied to the old Village School, kept by Mistress Margaret Bottomley, familiarly known as Peggy Street, and introduced himself as her most promising pupil, and, in answer to her queries as to his present accomplishments, he told her he knew "nowt," and offered to pay for two months' schooling in advance. Seeing his earnestness she generously refused the money, which, after all, he left behind him, believing that an engagement so vital to his hopes required this ratification.

Old Peggy thoughtfully taught him the alphabet out of the Testament rather than put him to shame by presenting it in the usual way, and whilst at his lessons she sent the children into the back room, that he might escape their raillery; and yet a chubby face, wearing a broad grin, would now and then peer from behind the door to have a look at the big scholar. Finding that he made but little progress, he begged of Peggy to allow him to learn his A B C from the usual books, and then he soon mastered his task, learned apace, and began to make rhymes also.

In the brief space allotted to us to detail the shifts to which he was driven to learn to read and write—visiting infant and adult schools, to note how the pupils held their pens and formed the letters, which he practised at home, and there also, during hours stolen from sleep, he studied an old grammar that he had met with—great conciseness is requisite. He must have laboured assiduously at his tasks, which included reading, writing, and grammar, for in the year 1825 he published a small volume. This was about seven years after he committed the blunder which had the effect of sending him to school. The volume was reviewed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, where the author was advised to "push on, and Lancashire would in all probability produce a second Burns."

The history of James Taylor next becomes associated with a period in some degree like the present. We allude to the distress of 1826. In this year a sum of money was forwarded

from London to relieve the distressed; and the parties entrusted with the distribution of the fund decided that persons receiving relief should be required to work on the roads, &c. Taylor availed himself of this work, and in return received the sum of 1s. per day from the relief committee. The fund became exhausted, however; and we next find the poet obliged to apply for relief to the overseers of the poor. But the pittance he received from this source was so meagre that he is said to have been obliged at one period to gather acorns on Tandle Hill to find sustenance for his family. At this period Taylor contributed a few poems to the *Rochdale Recorder*, under the signature of "P. P.," meaning Poor Poet. These contributions brought him under the notice of several gentlemen belonging to Rochdale, by whom he was treated with the greatest kindness. In 1827 a second volume, entitled "Miscellaneous Poems, by James Taylor, Royton," was issued from the press, and was also favourably reviewed by the *Manchester Courier* and the *Imperial Magazine*, the latter publication stating that many of the poems discovered "strong emanations of genius; exhibited in diversified description, in touches of humour, and in pointed yet inoffensive satire." From the years 1827 to 1830 Taylor discharged the duties of teacher in the Rochdale Church Sunday School, for which services he received a slight remuneration. During this period he was at times the guest of Mr. Aston, at Castleton Hall, where we find him in company with Mr. Roby, banker; Mr. Charles Swain, of Manchester; Sir William Burdett; and several other literary gentlemen. The kindness thus bestowed upon him is warmly acknowledged in a poem which he entitles "To my Royton, Oldham, and Rochdale Friends."

In 1830 he published another volume, entitled "Welm and Amelia, with other Poems." This book was reviewed by several papers, the *Manchester Courier* pronouncing it "the most extraordinary production of Lancashire or any other county in England, when the author's situation was taken into account."

We must now conclude our remarks of Mr. Taylor's literary career by observing that, like many who wooed the muse, he was a severe critic when dealing with the writings of other bards, and most of the productions in the Lancashire dialect

now so popular have been rather severely handled by him. The literary world has a just right to lament that this "desert flower was born to bloom" almost unknown; that it was not cultivated in the garden of the classics, and engrafted upon those refinements of taste and education, and that acquaintance with authors, ancient and modern, whose galaxy of glory and splendour would have enabled it to glow with beauty, and disseminated its sweets plentifully around it. But its fate was to struggle into fame through barren soil, to sustain the chilling blasts of poverty, and when occasionally greeting glimpses of the warm sunlight invigorated momentarily, returned to the sad reality of penury portending starvation, and opposed to the dread array of disadvantages impeding his path to renown.

Our Poet became a member of one of the Oldham Districts of the Order of Druids in the year 1839, filled the presidential chair of his Lodge, and became an active member of the institution. He represented his District at two of the annual assemblies of the Order, and contributed a poem to its *Journal* each quarter since its institution; but about six months prior to his decease these contributions were discontinued on account of declining health, and during his sickness and poverty the fostering hand of the Order was always cheerfully and liberally extended towards him, and often has the recital of his poems given to the *Journal* delighted our brethren at their Lodge and other social gatherings. But the lamp of life has failed; our poor brother is gone, and yet his widow and children, steeped in poverty and sorrow, are left to our bountiful care. The Oldham Districts have become their champions, and are publishing the Poet's works for their benefit. We beseech our readers to second their God-like efforts by purchasing the work, and, when bought, to read it with attention. It abounds in beauties that will amply repay the perusal and the cost, and let us realise the good set forth in a verse of one of our brethren, slightly transposed, once used on a festive occasion: —

Should the widow and orphan with hunger be quailing,
In grief and in tears their hard lot bewailing,
The funds of our Lodges are balsams unfailing,
To arrest their complainings—their wants to supply;
The clouds of despondency quickly dispelling,
Bringing food to the helpless, and prospects excelling
The misery which late had usurped the dwelling
That once was the home of contentment and joy!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Ah, lovely Royton! my sweet native place—
  Thy hills, thy valleys, and thy lofty trees,
How late were vested with a double grace,
  When wafted by the balmy summer's breeze!
Thy plains now sullied by the smoking mills,
  Thy trees unhaunted by the vocal choir,
And e'en corrupted are thy purling rills
  By heated water and the village mire.

No bird with music now the valley fills,
  Nor spreading thickets these brow sides adorn,
Nor even a trace upon the Bow'ry Hills,
  Save whilom story on tradition borne.
How changed the scene since yonder babbling brook
  Possessed the speckled trout and winding eel!
And in these stately trees dwelt many a rook,
  Which did their verdant branches much conceal—

Since that poor cot an ivy mantle wore,
  Which now displays an antique rushy roof—
And meagre Want was by the industrious poor,
  With honest labour, forced to stand aloof—
When cotton-wool was carded by the hand,
  And by the beauteous fair ones slubbed and spun;
For men's employment was to till the land,
  And weave the web when that employ was done.

* * * * * * * *

No more the Summerhouse its form does rear
Of ancient grandeur to the passer's view;
The Park no more is filled with timid deer,
Which oft across its verdant pasture flew.
Late, where this streamlet glides its pebbly round,
Grew many a stately fir, plane-tree, and oak—
Now brought by howling tempests to the ground,
Or by the sturdy woodman's felling stroke.

How much disfigured is each rural scene
Since old Sir Joseph from his villa went!
Nor aught but rambling weeds now here are seen,
Tho' then adorned with flowers of sweetest scent.
Sadly, dear village, thy green mantle's torn,
Which late was beautified by Flora's hues;
And thou of every ancient grandeur shorn,
Which wont the curious often to amuse.

Like to the river which meanders by,
With gliding swiftness, to the billowy sea,
The charms of beauty quick and smoothly hie,
With ceaseless flow, into nonentity.
The Byrons once yon stately hall did claim,
And oft across these valleys have they run
When in pursuit of flying, timid game,
With their destructive dog and murderous gun.

The brave forefathers of that brilliant sun
Which shone in the poetic world so bright—
Whose course, alas! in life's mid-day was run,
And he enclosed in death's eternal night—
But in the learned world left such a light,
The bright effusions of his mental flame,
As bids defiance to oblivion's might,
And shines unequalled on the badge of Fame.

Betwixt the villa and the house of God,
Appears in view the humble village school,
Where many, now asleep beneath the sod,
Have learned to trace fair Science' golden rule.
Here students may be deeply learned at will,
'Tis a sure guide to science and to art—
A polished stone of genius—aid to skill—
An Eden's sword to save from sin the heart.

To it a passage I could ne'er explore,
To learn its secret rudiments sublime,
Until my years arrived at twenty-four,
Nor then but twice a week, and one month's time.
It was not poverty's destructive jaws,
Nor an unwilling mind stood in the way;
Fell superstition was the only cause—
But modesty forbids me more to say.

Near yon tall beeches our good parson* dwells—
'Tis sacred truth directs my humble tale—
This man of worth in charity excels,
And serves his God with fervency and zeal.
When this poor village was in deep distress,
And gnawing Want smote every heart with grief,
This good man rose to make its sufferings less,
And by his efforts gave it much relief.

Whene'er the sick for aid to him apply,
If they be poor, his aid is doubly given;
First Nature's wants he struggles to destroy,
Then leads with prayer the trembling soul to heaven.
Should some wan child of wretchedness pass by,
In pity he would eye his tattered state—
Think on his deeper suff'rings—heave a sigh—
And, Christian-like, his woes alleviate:

* The Rev. W. Dawson.

Then, as a father would his child advise,
Bid him to seek the church each Sabbath day,
Where, in religion, he may win this prize—
A blessing large as all eternity.
The pulpit he adorns with eloquence,
And makes Religion like herself appear;
His well-poised thoughts, enforced with words of sense,
Smite with conviction every sinner near.

But not with precept only does he grace
His creed—his virtuous actions teach
The sinner how to gain eternal peace;
Thus more than words his very actions preach.
Oft in this walk the village sages meet,
To talk of trade, of politics, and news:
And what they've heard or read they all repeat,
And mirth and useful knowledge thus diffuse.

Delightful spot! oft when a little boy,
With other youths, to play at prison-bars,
To thee I've hied—each heart elate with joy—
Now fired with rage, kindled by transient jars.
The strife now ended—every boy at play—
And the offence eternally forgiven—
Then happiness again darts forth a ray,
And makes a while each little breast a heaven.

We little things, alas! unconscious then
Of that severe and swiftly-coming woe,
Which keenly tortures all the sons of men,
How princely high, or miserably low.
This hour man's happy—next contentment flies,
And sorrow's lasting clouds, at Fate's behest,
Are thickly spread across the bosom's skies,
And intercept the sunshine of the breast.

Some of those boys, alas! were doomed afar,
Not long from thence this devious world to roam,
And some were slaughtered in the bloody war,
And some in death are mouldering here at home.
Such and so powerful are the laws of Fate—
To-day man's here—perhaps thinks long to stay,
When he to-morrow may (how short the date!)
Be doomed to roam, or Nature's debt to pay.

WELM AND AMELIA.

'Twas in that season Nature wears
Her robes of countless hues, and cheers
The world with lays so sweet they seem
Like angel's songs, in Fancy's dream,
Floating upon the blanded wind—
A melody so sweet, the mind
With holy thoughts inspiring so
It soars above all things below;

Soon as its mellow tones the air
Does to the hearing portals bear—
Tones sweet and welcome to the soul,
As is his village bells' loved toll
To a tired wanderer whom that chime
Ne'er greeted for a vast long time:
Yes, in that season, and when man
In that dread worst of wildness ran
About half-civilized, to gain
His carnal wishes, though the stain
Of guilt should soil them, guilt but born
Of some neighbour's ruin, in scorn
Upreared, pointing in mockery
At him who wears the weeping eye—

Though this the general practice, then,
As now, there lived some few good men—
Men who well knew that splendid power
Could never shine through crime's dark lower,
Though life prolonged vast length of time
From the commission of the crime.
When *Welm*—one of this worthy class,
Yet by the most scarce equalled was
For noble actions, such as wreath
With glorious hopes the hour of death—
In pensive mood, a ramble took
Through distant groves and glens, to look
On springing flowers, and sooth to rest,
If possible, his heaving breast
By this, but all in vain; no joy
Could he procure to quell the sigh
Which tore his breast: the only flower
Which had the bosom-healing power
Was his *Amelia;* gone, but how,
Or where, alas! he could not trow.
Though gone, her image still he bore
Engraven on his bosom's core
In characters which could not die
But with the death of memory.
How could they, since 'twas theirs to bear
The image of one good and fair
As she? Her form with beauty teemed,
Such and so rich as might be deemed
A comeliness which owed its birth
Not to the fleeting form of earth,
For in that form a heart whose tone
Was tuned but for high heaven alone;
Her cheeks were like day's loveliest close,
Like, but more beauteous than a rose;

Her bright locks shook above the glow
Of those fair cheeks, and like a sloe
Was her dark eye, and its bright roll
Glowed with vivacity of soul.
Again could he her face e'er see?
He had a hope shone glimmeringly,
Making his sombre breast appear
Like night gilt with a single star.
Thus wrapped in thought, 'twas his to roam
Till o'er his head no common gloom
Hung deeply dark, scarcely aware
Before the lightning's vivid glare,
Flashing a moment to enshroud
With awful light the darksome cloud,
Swept 'cross his eyes, and filled his mind
With visions of another kind.
The rain falls fast, where must he fly?
For him is there no shelter nigh?
He looks around with eager eyes,
Sees one, and swiftly to it flies;
'Twas *Clegg's* deserted villa, where
The foot of man came seldom near—
'Twas so remote, and nigh a wood,
Haunted by beings not so good,
Or said to be—but tales untrue,
As now, about the world then flew.
Meanwhile the lightning flashed, at times
Like hope to him who for dread crimes
Is doomed to die, a sudden dart
Of transient light, which leaves the heart
Torn with the pangs of wild despair,
And dark as is a sepulchre;
So it appeared to leave the cloud
More dreary far. So deep and loud

Was the dread thunder that the ground,
As if with fear, shook at the sound.
But hark! another sound he hears
With magic awe assail his ears.
He startles now! Those firm nerves quake
Which the dread thunder could not shake.
With suddenness his greedy eyes
He casts around, but nothing spies.
Thought he, 'tis nothing but a gleam
Of weakness, born of Fancy's dream.
Alas! the sound he hears again—
But not dream-like—it marks his brain
With deep impressions, such as stay
Till all of self is swept away.
It was a sound of such distress
Words are too feeble to express;
Yet it was music sweet to him
As tones breathed by a seraphim.
'Twas these expressions, "Cease my sighs,
Or melt, and stream from my dim eyes;
Ye cannot melt, you I must bear;
Mine's grief too proud to wear a tear.
Roll thunder, roll! I joy to hear
Thy voice float on the troubled air;
There's something in thy awful sound
Which may *Clegg's* guilty conscience wound.
Why dream I thus, here pent with bars,
Is not my breast like night when stars
Are all obscured, and the death bell
Proclaiming is some funeral?
My bosom's dark, hope dead there lies,
Its passing bell my painful sighs."
Though sweet to him this tale of grief,
'Twas painful too—too long, too brief;

He wanted more, yet scarce could bear
So much. He smiled, he shed a tear,
The voice he knew, but was it given
On earth, or came it from high heaven?
Surely on earth, for latent woe
Can't live beneath a seraph's glow.
Thus thought, towards the sound he springs,
As aided by a falcon's wings
His anxious, greedy haste to speed,
Nor stops till massy bars impede:
'Twixt them he cast a wishful gaze,
In which shone fair *Amelia's* face.
Yes! his *Amelia* met his eyes;
Oh! this was sweet; a paradise
To his lone breast—if earthly sight
E'er gave the bosom such delight.
His dear *Amelia*, torn from home,
From relatives and friends, by whom?
By *Clegg*, one glorious evening when
Night's shades were bearing sleep to men;
By *Clegg*, a neighbour, if a claim
Have villains to that sacred name;
A lover, no, for base pretence
Ne'er soared to love's bright eminence.
As seated in her garden bower,
Tasting the sweets of evening hour,
He, by a band of ruffians aided,
Unheard, her peaceful bower invaded;
And ere with shrieks she'd power to tell,
'Twas her's to breathe in lonely cell;
For he'd confined her closely here
Virtue from her fond grasp to tear.
Could she for vice exchange that flower
Which graced and sweetened Eden's bower,

That purest gem that ever crowned
Fair woman's soul, or she e'er owned?
No, no! she held the precious gem
As kings would hold a diadem.
Though threatened with more violence still
If no compliance to his will,
She braved—though not without her fears—
His threatenings, shunned his silken snares
Of flattering accent, breathed sublime,
With them to coax her into crime.
He boasted of his land and groves,
But where the object disapproves
This nought avails, and how could she
Give ear to such a man as he?
A man by whom she was confined;
Whose offered hand she'd oft declined,
Yea, spurned the offer with disdain,
Long ere 'twas hers to know the pain
Confinement gives; or from her heart
Her love for *Welm* how could she part,
It was so deeply rooted there
By growth of many a rolling year?
It said he loved; but could this be,
And treat her with such cruelty?
Does love e'er persecute? Ah, no!
For love is a reflected glow
Of heaven; a sorrow-soothing balm;
A seraph impulse feuds to calm;
Yet torn from home by one whose eye
Dwelt on her parents' misery,
Who grieved their daughter's loss, till care
Was almost modelled to despair.
Was this like love for her? Why ask?
He dwelt beside them, and to mask

His guilt, and neighbourly to seem,
He feigned with sympathy to teem
For their sad grief—hypocrisy,
Thou cloak for villains, wearing thee,
He seemed to them a neighbour good
As ever graced a neighbourhood—
Nay, him their kindest friend they thought;
And as, though vainly, he had sought
Amelia's love, as though he felt—
What ne'er in his fell bosom dwelt—
Affection's hallowed flame, they deemed
From love for her this friendship teemed.
But where was she? By *Welm's* deceit
Enticed to some unknown retreat.
This they had learned, taught by a lie
Big with the arts of calumny;
From *Clegg's* infernal tongue it came,
And, as a quick devouring flame
Destroys, *Welm's* character it laid
In ruins, so complete as made
Him looked upon by them, as saints
Behold the hell their fancy paints.
Exulting, *Clegg* beheld the scene
With skulking mockery in his mien:
One lip turned up, and on his chin
The other laid, in haggard grin,
Making his look what e'en the bold,
Loathing, would startle to behold.
If e'er there was an action fell
Which darkened heaven and brightened hell,
Was it not this?—its very dye
Is of the darkest infamy.
With answering look on him she dwelt
Awhile, then swooned—by what she felt

O'ercome. Though he swooned not, his woe
Was no less great, his bosom's throe
So truly keen; with frightful swell
His soul heaved in her fleshy cell.
The fit subsided, "Fly, *Welm*, fly!"
She said, and from her lovely eye,
The while, the feelings of her soul
In the clear stream of anguish stole,
As from the dark sloe's wealthy hue
Trembles the crystal sun-gilt dew.
"Oh! fly, dear *Welm!* or Clegg's curst steel
In death thy glowing eyes may seal.
Bearing his sword, and looking stern,
As if his mien had nought to learn
Of hell's aspect horrid, he may,
Ere long, perchance, appear to pay
His daily visit. Hark! I hear
His dread footsteps approaching near;"
Then, in her panic, swooning sunk.
On seeing which he reeled as drunk,
Casting, the while, on her a look
Which spoke a thousand things, he shook
With love and rage. "What, fly?" he cried,
"No; sooner shall these bars be dyed
With my existence, than I'll leave
Thee here confined, a villain's slave."
That moment he his strong sword drew,
The barriers smote, in twain they flew.
Reviving life soon called again
To action its attendant train
Of mind and limb; but, ere this, she
Was from incarceration free.
The cloud was fled, and every bower
Seemed lovelier hued by the late shower;

And, through the blossoms of the trees,
Like angels' breathings, came the breeze.
A magic sweetness from each grove
Arose; heaven's answering look was love.
The sun was setting, and the west
Gloriously tinged, as if 'twere dressed
In seraph robes, such as appear
In good men's visions, when earth's care
Is fled, and, with the eye of faith,
They look beyond the shades of death.
And in wild music, from each spray,
By lyric birds, to parting day
A farewell sprung; pleased with the strain,
Sweet echo sang it o'er again.
And, as sweet babies close their eyes
In sleep, the flowers of various dyes
Were winking up; yet from their bloom
Rose on the breeze such rich perfume,
So sweet to breathe, the fragrant air
Seemed like an Eden's atmosphere.
Around she looked upon the wealth
Of Nature, and, as 'twere by stealth,
To her rapt soul a whisper came,
Her heartfelt gratitude to claim;
Her knee she in devotion bent,
And thanks from the heart's altar sent,
In holy breathings upon high,
For such a blest delivery;
Then heaven implored in prayer sincere—
That sweetest, best, most hallow'd air,
That earth-born, heaven-bound melody,
Which angels' harps accompany,
And God, its pleasing tones to hear,
Delighted, lends a listening ear—

That unto her might ne'er be dealt
Again the evil lately felt.
Ere home they reach the sun had fled
In his rich car of roseate red,
And all that pomp of glory, bright
As earth e'er saw, was sunk in night:
Nought seen, save twinkling stars on high—
A host of glories in the sky—
Now shining out, now darting in,
As if ashamed to see some sin
By coward villains rudely done
In the dark absence of the sun:
Nought heard except high-flooded rills
Rushing from the adjacent hills;
And that sweet bird, whose rich-toned voice,
Like strains of witchery, giveth rise
To rapture, such as fills the thought
With those sweet visions which are fraught
With all the soul-delighting things
That crowd our rapt imaginings.
With feeble limb and meagre frame,
At home, sweet home! at last she came;
Into the house *Welm* gladly bears
Amelia, where she's hailed with tears—
Such tears as but to weep is bliss:
The soul-o'erflowing ecstacies—
And he's received, not with disgust—
As might be thought—but with what must,
What cannot fail to please, a look
Such as ill-nature's self might brook.
Her relatives they stood around her;
He told how strangely he had found her;
And, when he'd told the story strange,
He grasped his sword and vowed revenge.

Her gladdened mother, in a tone
Soft music might not blush to own,
Said, "Peace, *Welm*, peace! Revenge is given
By the avenging hand of heaven."
As *Clegg*, in this tremendous storm,
Was hasting, haply, to perform
His cruel threats, down Calder Green,
By the eye of just heaven seen,
God threw, with force of awful might—
Roaring with power, dazzling with light—
His hot bolt from the angry skies,
And laid him low no more to rise.

IN PRAISE OF BYRON.

To every nation the sad news is spread
That Byron, Britain's noblest bard, is dead—
That this great world has lost as great a man
As ever it possessed since it began:
The man who streamed with sorrow when he found
Man by his fellow-man in fetters bound;
The man who Grecian history often read,
And Greece revered for her ennobled dead.
Ah, Woman! 'neath thy unrelenting pride
Great Byron struggled—'neath the pressure sighed.
How could that minion—that infernal spy
Cause thee for ever from this man to fly,
To leave, with love and wounded pride oppresed,
The man thou oft hast pillowed on thy breast?
Hard-hearted woman!—hard as hardest flint!
Could read his sorrows and still not relent;
Could that base minion view with more regard
Than this great author—the sublimest bard!

Could tear in pieces his rich-treasured mind,
A mind in literature the most refined,
A mind that Superstition never owned,
A mind where genuine reason was enthroned,
A mind enriched with clear intelligence—
The flash of wit—grandeur of eloquence;
A mind where Genius' sun beamed such a light
As time itself can never shroud in night;
A mind illumined with the brightest sense,
And did its glories to the world dispense;
A mind which shone the most refulgent sun
In the poetic world, but now has done;
Yea, done for ever! for now lies at rest
The Poet, Patriot, and Philanthropist.
Ah, yes! too soon to death's dark shades was hurled
The Monarch of the literary world!

THE IVYED COT.

As by yon ivyed cot I strayed,
To breathe the morning's rich perfume,
By chance I saw a comely maid,
More beauteous than the rose in bloom.

By Nature's hand in ringlets twined
Her raven-hued disheveled hair;
Her skin how white! her heart and mind
Co-equal—all transcending fair.

Unlike the gaudy maids of wealth—
Who oft with pride their beauty spoil—
Her face but wears the paint of health,
Glossed with an unaffected smile.

On vice her frown ne'er fails to lower;
Her smile the worthy only meets:
Like to a lonesome beauteous flower,
Born but to yield the bee its sweets.

When Nature formed this artless maid,
Superior gift she did bestow;
In all that charm, the girl arrayed,
To bless some mortal here below.

How truly blest would be my lot
Could I her plighted partner be;
While she was there, her humble cot
Would be an ivyed heaven to me.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

Long, near the wood where caws yon rook,
Two cottages have been
Reflected by a passing brook,
Which gently glides between.

And often 'ere the beauteous morn
Withdrew its rosy beam,
Has beauty, angel-like, been borne
Upon the glassy stream.

A youth within one cottage dwelt,
Whose noble, beating heart
For sorrowing virtue deeply felt,
And comfort strove t' impart.

The other cottage with a maid
Of modesty was blest;
In every female sweet arrayed,
Of all the good the best.

With rising day young William rose,
To breathe the fragrant air,
And called off Nancy from repose,
The morning's sweets to share.

Across the brook to him she came,
With smiles of rosy hue;
Those smiles reflected from the stream
Most beauteous to the view.

Then to the winding wood they went,
Clad in the bloom of health;
Each mind possessed of such content
As mocks the grasp of wealth.

And thus they lived, with peace of mind
Unequalled, save with love
Each bore to each, of such a kind
As angels own above.

Till one fair morn, at break of day,
When flowers proclaimed it spring,
And lambkins leaped in sportive play,
And birds did sweetly sing.

When in that lonesome wood they strayed,
Among the sylvan bowers,
To hear the birds, and see arrayed
The ground with beauteous flowers;

The press-gang from a thicket rose,
And William off they bore!
She shrieked—she sunk—her eyes did close,
And saw her love no more.

Again she rose, and in awhile
Tears gave relief to pain;
But, ah! her sweet seraphic smile
Was never seen again.

By her the birds now sing unheard,
The flowerets bloom unseen;
Her injured mind that moment veered
To war's destructive scene.

Now to her home she swiftly hies
With the heartrending news,
And oft her shadow as she flies
With dreadful fright she views.

She fancied it to be a man
That her so close pursued,
And loud she shrieked, and fast she ran
From the lone winding wood.

Her parents, and young William's too,
All trembling stood to hear
Her tale of woe—a tale that drew
E'en many a bitter tear.

Their faces, where sweet smiling peace
Till then unclouded beamed,
Were channels made, where down apace
Their lasting sorrow streamed.

Now in the lonely darksome wood
She cries with mournful strain—
"My William, weltering in his blood,
Lies numbered with the slain."

And, ah! her wild and frantic tale
Was far, alas! too true,
Which struck her features ghastly pale—
Her bloom for ever flew.

Derangement seized her hapless mind—
She stops at every post,
And listens to the passing wind,
To see or hear his ghost.

And to the winding wood she flies,
To seek his spirit there;
Then sits and rolls her haggard eyes,
In silent, sad despair.

REFLECTIONS IN THE BURIAL GROUND.

Dull night her sable pinions spreads around,
And veils from us the brilliant face of day;
And every creature is in slumber bound,
Save yon discordant hooting bird of prey,

Or the shy bat which plies its skinny wings
In yonder grove, the verdant boughs among,
Or the shrill nightingale who sweetly sings
Her evening prayer in soft and mournful song.

The full-orbed moon now shows by her pale light
A spot where many mortals fast decay;
A solemn thought steals on me at the sight,
For, ah! how shortly I must be as they.

Each tomb, both mean and pompous, which I view
To Reason tells a tale—believe she must;
For she well knows the sacred story true,
That rags and gems blend equal here in dust.

The mighty monarch, with his glittering crown,
The gaudy queen, in richest robes arrayed,
Will be but equal to the maid and clown
When all within the mouldering turf are laid.

Then why this tyranny—this pomp—this pride,
Used by us tenants of a fleeting day?
Why not each transient moment well employed,
Since all are destined Nature's debt to pay?

Oh! why the low meet from the lofty great
Such sad abuse all mortals trembling dread,
Since here to both the fingerpost of fate
Points out a path they hand in hand must tread?

This path is death, and every vital breath
Man breathes brings him more near; for all must die
And in their several narrow cells of earth,
Mouldering in peace, without distinction lie.

Ah, how men tremble when death verges near!—
Ah, how reluctantly this world they leave!
Yet, with indifference view the sable bier,
And unconcerned behold the yawning grave.

When there's no worth to cheer the trembling soul,
And give her hope of happiness on high,
O'er what keen anguish must the moments roll
Of him who thinks each moment he must die!

If death would him a little longer spare,
He'd crowns—yes, worlds, if in possession—give;
But, ah! with death no power hath bribe or prayer;
The time arrived, he must no longer live.

Here lies a pair beneath this sacred stone,
Who died when scarcely past the prime of years;
And many a child, perhaps, they've left to moan,
And shed unnoticed misery's briny tears.

Haply, when they were from their children torn,
And laid for ever in this hallowed ground,
Each orphan was to yonder poor-house borne;
From there to cruel men town's 'prentice bound.

What pen can paint the sick man's stinging woes,
When his dear children stand around his bed;
And he's afraid, if death his eyes should close,
They must in bondage labour, short of bread?

I would that death should seize these babes of mine,
Ere I am called till judgment's day to sleep,
Sooner than they should thus in sorrow pine,
And, wanting food, a vanished parent weep.

A man of wealth bespeaks this pompous grave,
And wealth, perhaps, his chief and only store;
Fair Virtue's mandates through his life did brave,
To wring his riches from the industrious poor.

If so, alas! how dismal is his state!
Sable despair is his eternal doom;
And that sweet hope which should his soul elate
Is with him buried in his gaudy tomb.

And no inscription meets the public eye,
Except his birth, his title, and his name:
Nought more, perhaps, untarnished with a lie,
Could there be said, but what would him much blame.

Here lies, perchance, a man of genuine worth,
Mouldering beneath this flower-bespangled sod;
And though no stone declares his name or birth,
They are engraven on the throne of God.

It may be he of whom yon bard hath sung,
Deeming a lay his just and doubtless right:
With these few words the honest harp was strung,
To snatch his name from dark oblivion's night:

"Why should the man of wealth meet with all praise,
And he of poverty be quite forgot?
Since virtue's sun emits no warmer rays
From the high palace than the clay-built cot.

O shall not Aspinal, though Penury's child,
Meet panegyric's sweet and soothing strain?
Since he condoled, with language truly mild,
The hapless mortal doomed to woe and pain;

And since he did so cheerfully engage
To soothe the widow and her orphan feed;
And to give food unto decrepid age,
When at the time the gift himself did need.

Nor could affliction pass his pitying eye;
He entered oft the sick man's drear abode;
And o'er his sufferings heaved e'en many a sigh,
Prayed by his bed, and showed the way to God.

The path he showed he trod with strictest care,
Till he was called to yonder world from this,
The exquisite blessing of his God to share,
In yon resplendent element of bliss."

Now Luna's exit, and the lark's sweet song
And the fair, beauteous, rosy-bosomed morn
Bid me retire; but oh! God knows how long
Ere I a lifeless corpse must back return!

APPETITE.

"How thin and pale," cried Tom to Dick,
"Hast thou been, friend, or art thou sick"
"No, no," cried Dick, "save with the bite
Of what is call'd *good appetite*."

"*Good* appetite! it can't be so,
When mortal through it sighs and groans;
When him it stings with deepest woe,
And steals his bloom and picks his bones!

"*Good* appetite! and bite you, friend?
I'd muzzle it, or it I'd end.
You smile! but if 'tis so distressing,
I'm sure it is not worth possessing,

"Except secured with muzzle good."
Dick smil'd again, and, like a wit,
Said, "There's no muzzle that will fit
Save that of *good, substantial food.*"

AN HONEST MAN.

Hail to the man who holds a friend
To him who's in distress!
Who deigns with words a smile to blend
To make his sufferings less:

Nor laughs to see another's wo,
Nor on the needy frowns;
But such compassion deigns to show
As heals the sufferer's wounds.

Who has a tongue the wretch to sooth
When by affliction torn;
Who strives his rugged path to smooth,
And strip it of each thorn.

Who has a hand to give relief
Where care and want prevail;
Who has a tear for others' grief,
A smile for others' weal.

Who has a well-enlightened mind,
Nor shuns the unimproved;
But by his actions shows mankind
Alike by him are loved.

Who is to Vice's mandates blind,
In Virtue's cause most brave;
To injure man who is too kind,
Too noble to enslave.

Who soars superior to vain pride,
And sheds pure virtue's ray;
Has true religion for his guide,
And bends to reason's sway.

Who thinks himself the deed above
His neighbour's life to scan;
Who by his actions strives to prove
Himself an honest man.

THE SAILOR RETURNED.

When from the raging billows
I came to see again
My love, beneath yon willows,
I heard a maid complain.

She cried, "He has deceived me;
My Willie is untrue!
The farewell words much grieved me,
When he bade me adieu.

Oh! after so much vowing,
How can he treacherous be?
He vowed, I little trowing
Those vows were perjury.

He vowed, my hand then pressing,
The day he went to sea,
If he was life possessing,
He'd prove his constancy!

Should peace e'er give him freedom:
And I did him believe;
But ah! false men, why heed them?
I heeded, and I grieve.

For now the wars are over,
And thousands come again;
But I, for my false lover,
Am doomed to complain.

Perhaps he now is doting
On one afar from me;
Nay worse, he may be floating
Lifeless, upon the sea!"

This thought her complaint ended,
Her heart was so oppressed;
Her arms she wide extended,
Then smote her heaving breast.

I thought how base and silly
Am I to give such pain,
For I'm the very Willie
For whom she does complain.

I flew to cheer her bosom,
And told my heart's delight
I would not harm this blossom,
Nor for the world it blight.

I bade her cease from mourning;
Her grief did sorrow move
Within my bosom, burning
With all the heat of love.

She cried, "Is this the sailor
For whom I'm so distressed?"
Then pale—no lily paler—
She sunk upon my breast.

She sunk beneath the willow,
Close by her father's door,
My bosom for a pillow,
Alas, to rise no more!

When such keen grief distressing,
The object of her care
Was far too great a blessing
For her, poor thing, to bear.

Like to a rose, so tender,
When frost its leaves invades
Touched with the noontide's splendour,
It fades—how fast it fades!

TO THE ROSE.

Ah, virgin rose! sweet-scented flower!
Pride of the garden grove;
Thou call'st from me a sorrowing shower—
Remind'st me of my love.

As fair as thee she once did bloom,
As fragrant was her breath;
But now she tenants yonder tomb,
Locked in the arms of death.

How suddenly my Ann was torn,
Alas, away from me!
At night how lively! but ere morn
She met her destiny.

At night we round each other clung,
And constancy both vowed;
At morn news borne on faltering tongue
Declared that in her shroud

Was laid the dearest to this breast,
And fixed for ever there.
What! snatched so soon to endless rest?
The news how could I hear

And live ?—hope lived !—to her I flew,
But Death had sealed her fate;
She breathed her last, but still her hue
And smile retained their seat.

Ah ! just as thou, if newly shorn
From thy green parent's spray,
The beauty which does thee adorn
Would linger ere decay.

But now entombed, her dear remains
Are laid in death to sleep;
At dead of night, when silence reigns,
On her green grave I weep;

And on her grassy tomb I'll vent
My grief, while life I have;
My heart shall be her monument—
My tears her epitaph.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Hail ! lonely minstrel of the midnight gloom,
How soft and dulcet is thy plaintiff strain !
Thou seem'st to mourn the Man of Sorrow's doom,
In sweetest melody that charms the plain :
Then thou must grieve, sweet Philomel, for me,
If such a gift, dear bird, to thee be given,
And I be pitied, but alone by thee,
Save our joint grief can reach the throne of Heaven.

AN ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

Dear Scotia ! though winds o'er thy mountains loud whistle,
And snow seems reluctant thy rough crags to leave,
And thy most esteemed flower is but a wild thistle,
In thy rugged bosom rest men the most brave.

Those undaunted heroes, who bravely contended
  Against the fierce Romans in blood-streaming fight,
The thistle of freedom with courage defended,
  And saved by their valour their sacred birthright.

When Edward thy land, with his fetters, invaded,
  And thy native king from his throne rudely tore,
Thy Wallace—brave Wallace!—through blood how
    he waded
  Thy Bruce and thy freedom again to restore!

Whilst peace with her smiles, Scotia, sweetened thine
    hours,
  Brave Wallace, with mind scarcely ruffled with care,
Was mild as the breezes that waft thy fair flowers—
  Like the tempest of winter he raged in the war.

How manly he fought 'mid the wildest commotion,
  Unwilling thy land should be trod by a slave;
When night brought a truce he kneeled in devotion,
  Or wept o'er his wife and child's blood-sprinkled
    grave.

But Wallace and freedom, alas! were soon over;
  Thy bards have by turns grieved the loss ever since;
Each proving himself of his country a lover,
  In strains that affect—fraught with words that
    convince.

Yes, thy renowned poets in one grief have blended;
  Of freedom's exile they have sung with a sigh,
As warbles the Redbreast of happiness ended
  When Autumn is come and dread Winter is nigh.

GOD HELP THE POOR!

God help the poor! for it is theirs
To bear the wildest wants and woes;
Their fate's a well of acrid tears,
A wild of briars without a rose.

No matter what their sex or age,
The worst of ills affect the low;
And, whilst they writhe in misery's rage,
Oppression revels in their woe.

When hope appears, 'tis distant far,
And scarcely can their souls illume,
Ere fell oppression o'er the star,
Throws woe-clouds big with storm and gloom.

When poor, man everywhere is lone—
Is from friends and kindred driven—
Is loathed by all in every zone,
Save one, whose residence is heaven.

The tottering old, sad and forlorn,
Who seek their bread from door to door,
Oft meet, instead, derisive scorn—
A look of hatred on the poor.

And some, whose pride denies relief,
Once prized their friendship as a gem,
Through which, in majesty of grief,
Roll heart-wrung waters over them.

And yet, they smile as well as grieve;
But joy ne'er breaks their bosom's gloom;
Their smile is like the ray at eve,
When its last glimmering gilds a tomb.

On every side, woe-worn, distressed,
Ill-clad, half-famished wretches roam;
For them there is no place of rest—
Fate's whirlwind has destroyed their home.

Where'er they go, oppressors eye
The homeless wanderers with disdain;
Dash from their lips the cup of joy,
And glory in their victims' pain.

Then, with an impious air of pride,
The hapless wretches scoff and blame;
And, with detraction's dreggy tide,
O'erwhelm their scattered wreck of fame.

Thus each through his existence bears
Fierce anguish that defies control;
Bears grief that teems with fiery tears,
Which burn as gushing from the soul.

No wonder that they err at times,
Thinking a better fate to win:
Men oft commit the darkest crimes
When all is agony within.

Think ye, who sleep on beds of down,
How these poor wanderers are distressed?
How they in agony oft groan,
Whilst you with placid sleep are blest?

When from the sward each lifts his head,
Where he has sought a truce from care,
With hunger faint he roams for bread,
While you on richest viands fare!

And as he roams, the gibe, the sneer,
Are scorpions thrown his path athwart;
Scoffed woe is agony severe—
A sting that deeply wounds the heart.

God help the poor! their lot is drear—
A cloud whose waters drench the eye—
A bosom-tearing storm of care—
A barrier to the rays of joy.

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

When love first linked our hearts in one,
Bright beauty's gems around thee twined;
Though from thee passed in days by-gone,
E'en now they round my memory wind.

How can I e'er forget the hue
Our bridal day threw on thy face;
'Twas beauty's blush that graced anew
The rose and lily's sweet embrace.

The dew drops, in their sparkling glee,
The radiant orbs of midnight skies,
Shed not a richer brilliancy
Than glistened in thy laughing eyes.

And virtue round thee shed a glory,
A halo time may not efface,
Has brightened as thy hairs grew hoary,
Caught splendour from religion's rays.

How slow the moments seemed to glide
Which brought to me the nuptial hour,
When, sweetly blushing at my side,
These fond eyes saw the village flower.

To me this was a glorious time,
A rich repast of heartfelt mirth,
A part of life in bliss sublime,
A taste of heaven enjoyed on earth.

Since then e'en many a prattling child
We've gaily borne through life's wild blast,
For as the dear ones sweetly smiled,
Joy on our hearts its glories cast.

Oh! when round man his sweet babes cling,
Domestic raptures they impart,
Their prattling music on its wing
Brings sunny moments to his heart.

The sordid miscreant, vile and fell,
Who would such rich delights destroy,
Ought but with savages to dwell—
Too mean is he for social joy.

Though we, alas! are old and grey,
By time near life's dull evening borne,
The love we bear is young and gay,
Its hours are one eternal morn.

Despite our love, to us may come
A parting, ere God's final call;
But sooner far be ours the gloom
Which wraps its mantle round the pall.

As on thy features now I gaze,
How proud am I that mine thou art?
For in their wrinkles I can trace
Love to its lucid throne—thy heart.

Yes, there it reigns a spirit bright,
An angel scatt'ring joys on home;
My household star, whose cheering light
Melts with its rays affliction's gloom.

Full many a wild and bitter blast
Of life it has been ours to brave;
Yet love and honour wreath the past,
And they shall blossom on our grave.

Fate deals to life but thorns and flowers,
These fade when grasped, those tear the breast,
But nobler things will soon be ours—
We shall together be at rest.

HOME.

When snow is Nature's winding sheet—
Night wrapped in sable gloom;
Oh! then to man it is most sweet
To feel himself at home.

When shut out from salubrious air,
In some dank, darksome room,
What can remove the prisoner's care
But freedom to go home?

When banished to some distant shore
For life—heartrending doom!—
What could delight the exile more
Than his sweet native home?

Or, cast upon some desert isle,
Where man doth never come,
What could extort a transient smile
But thought of his sweet home?

Nothing: for nought can please so well;
The favourite maid is there;
And there sweet friends and kindred dwell—
Yes, all that's near and dear.

How sweet the smile that love's lips send!
A parent's look how sweet!
How dear the glances of a friend
When they the eye can meet!

These on the wanderer's fancy dart
  Wherever he doth roam;
True as the needle, points his heart
  Towards his native home.

AN ELEGY ON

JOHN KAY, THE MATHEMATICIAN.

Oh! hearken this sorrowful tale;
  'Tis tipped with a sigh and a tear:
He's gone!—and his loss I bewail;
  He's finished his days with the year.

Yon sad knell confirms what I say;
  'Tis true—'tis sadly too true
He's gone—yes, for ever has Kay
  Bid his friends and fair Science adieu.

How awful his death!—and soon
  Grief's scene follows that of the gay!
At eve he seemed well—the next noon
  His soul winged for ever away.

Together the villagers throng,
  With visible grief in each face;
And flows from each faltering tongue,
  In sorrowful accents, his praise.

The aged exclaim, as they sigh,
  "Our friend has for ever done here;"
And each little girl and each boy
  Confirm the sad truth with a tear.

They cry, as his loss they bemoan,
  "He wept o'er the woes of mankind;
His heart was to Virtue a throne,
  And peace bloomed a rose in his mind."

Though Vice may exultingly say
She's glad—she's amazingly glad!
Fair Virtue, for her noble Kay,
Stands mourning, dejected, and sad.

And Freedom and Justice deplore
A friend that can never more be;
And Science, now Kay is no more,
Has lost a main branch of her tree.

If you'll search "Companion's" bright page,
His immortal name you will find,
The name of the self-tutored sage,
And produce of his mighty mind.

In Science he blazed as a sun;
In rhetoric he shone as a star;
In logic was surpassed by none;
Nor was he in worth, near or far.

But all are eclipsed, and for aye,
Save his deathless works and his name,
But they—as sweet Flora gilds May—
Adorn the rich temple of Fame.

Yes, ended, like Sol, if at noon,
When shedding his luxurious light,
By a storm in an hour so soon
Should be wrapped for ever in night.

But his deeds—if worthy deeds rise
When life from this body is driven—
Ascended, a blaze, to the skies,
To light his pure spirit to heaven.

THE BLIND BEGGAR GIRL'S PETITION.

To me, ye gentle fair ones, hark;
Oh, pity one that's doomed to roam,
Deprived of sight—entirely dark,
Without a shelter or a home!

Nor have I kindred, friend, or aid,
Save this poor girl who guides my way,
And she, alas! is doomed to tread,
Like me, the paths of misery.

The Winter's wind does fiercely howl,
And day is near—full near a close;
The wind's so cold it chills my soul;
And ah! good Heaven, how fast it snows!

Nor have we covering for our feet,
Alas, they bleed and stain the snow!
Oh! shall we no compassion meet,
But here remain in deepest woe?

Is this, ah! then, our hapless lot?
To be this dreary night debarred
From the kind shelter of a cot,
And looked upon with disregard?

Oh! can ye fair ones hear the mourn
Of her who never saw the light?
For no one knows but you may be,
Alas! like me, deprived of sight.

Then beauty's charms could please no more,
Nor courtly robes engage your eyes;—
All joy on earth would then be o'er,
Save hope of bliss beyond the skies.

Pity a maid who ne'er saw light;—
Oh! take me to your home I pray;
That mercy you bestow to-night
Will be returned another day.

THE WISH.

Be mine a flower-bespangled down,
Where sweet salubrious airs are blown,
Where Spring's most early tints are shown,
And near a grove,
And blest—my other joys to crown—
With her I love.

A cottage formed by artful skill,
Close by a limpid murmuring rill,
Protected by a neighbouring hill
From cutting airs;
While Lucy, with her carol shrill,
Beguiles my cares.

When roses deck the thorny spray,
And Sol in crimson steals away,
And all the bustle of the day
In slumbers rest,
Then with the nightingale's sweet lay
My cot be blest.

At my command a favourite book,
And undisturbed within it look
Close by the fire or in the nook
Myself improve;
While simpletons on trifles joke,
Or, thoughtless, rove.

Thus blest, my days oh! let me spend,
Quite able to befriend a friend;
And when my life is doomed to end,
Nor at it sigh;
As then, with joy, I may ascend
To yonder sky.

ON GAMING.

It is thee I blush at naming;
Thou has been my ruination.
Luring fiend, Satanic gaming—
Hell-invented recreation!

But now to thee I'll bid farewell—
Thou curse of mortal happiness,
Thou channel to the eternal hell,
And wreck of all immortal bliss.

THE FORSAKEN MAID.

A SONG.

Tune: "Is There a Heart."

I'd once a heart that beat unpained,
A bosom free from woe;
But artful man that heart soon gained,
Which proved my overthrow.

He wooed me with his winning wiles,
Till my poor heart was gone;
Then left me 'lorn to curse his guiles—
A wretched maid undone.

With soothing tale of love he sought
My spotless heart to gain;
And then—oh! cruel, hateful thought—
He left me to complain.

How foolish I to heed the tale
He decked in flattering smiles!
Such smiles as but too oft prevail
O'er those devoid of guiles.

The cypress bough I'll gently bind
Around my troubled brain;
And then some lone retreat I'll find,
In secret to complain.

O'er my sad loss there will I moan,
Nay woo the silent grave;
For here on earth, since Edwin's gone,
No peace at all I have.

MR. CONELL'S CHOICE OF A WIFE.

If kind heaven would condescend
For him to take a female friend;
Such is the one that he would choose,
No prince in Europe could refuse.

Her sparkling eyes as black as sloes;
Her hair in ringlets neatly grows;
Her breath's like honeysuckles sweet;
Her waist is fine; her limbs are neat.

She's tall and straight, and always clean;
Exquisite fair, with modest mein;
Her face is oval, and her chin
Is finely formed—with dimple in.

Her cheeks resemble roses red,
With lilies joined, and neatly spread;
Her teeth are white;—nose aquiline;
Her smiles so charming seem divine.

Her lips are of vermillion dye,
On which he often longs to sigh:
Music she breathes in every song,
And accents sweet flow from her tongue.

Pure chasteness ever fills her mind;
Her sentiments are all refined;
With smiles she only deigns to chide:—
This is the maid he'd make his bride.

A TALE.

A story strange I will relate
Of Johnny Hill and his dear wife,
Who sat one night, to sweeten life,
Talking of spectres small and great;—

Of bugbears, wizards, and of witches;
Of fairies, and their hoards of riches;
Of those who exchange, without boot,
Their souls, for this great power of hell,
True fortunes here on earth to tell,
With the infernal Prince of Soot.

But ah! when at the height of chatting,
Behind them started up old Satan!
And John, to save his sinful soul,
Up chimney with such haste did creep,
Swifter by far than any sweep,
And squatted on the chimney poll.
His wife, less apt to deal with evil,
Turned herself round to view the devil:

And lo! old Satan proved to be—
An ass, which caused the fool to flee;
And then she laughed at him, 'tis true,
Bade him come down, and Satan view!

Now John, to hear her so uncivil,
Raging with ire, came in a crack,
With teeth so white and face so black
As made her startle with dismay,
And, in her panic, ran away.;
For John, she thought, was the old devil.

You haply think this is not true:
Those who believe in witches are
From it, I think, not very far;
For they can fancy aught a ghost—
A pig, a dog, an ass, or post—
And any beggar they'll pursue,
Through thick or thin, in hot or cold,
By him to have their fortunes told.

THE HERMIT.

Serene and pleasant was the night,
And blanded was the western gale,
When Luna shed her silver light,
And well-illum'd a moorland vale.

She brought a hermit's cave to view,
Whose owner still resided there;
Tired with the world, from it he flew,
To live in secret and in prayer.

The hermit rose, with hoary beard—
The distant clock began to chime—
The list'ning sage the moral heard,
And marked the down-shod feet of Time.

"How soft," he cried, "thou tripp'st away;
Unheeded by the thoughtless world,
When hap, to some, another day
May never, never, be unfurled!

How short's the time, when back I gaze,
Since from my mother earth I came;
And near expiring are my days,
My silver locks to me proclaim!

And while this little span I've trod,
Which scarce exceedeth threescore years,
I've seen my friends laid in the sod,
And o'er them shed affection's tears.

Most of the people I beheld,
Ere I the sinful world forsook,
Were strangely wicked, which impelled
Me for this dreary place to look.

Tired with the world's unhallowed care,
I left the luring, glittering pelf,
To breathe in solitude a prayer
For him who breathes none for himself.

The moon's soft light glides towards the West,
Time bears the silver orb away;—
The morning-stars adorn the East,
And pink-hued breaks the dawning day.

The tuneful lark soars to the skies—
Archangel of the feathered race—
From death-like slumber bids them rise,
And mingle their celestial lays.

Fair emblem of the judgment-day,
When yon archangel of the sky
Shall call from death the slumbering clay
To blend their heavenly songs of joy.

Oh! when will that day's dawning be,
When mortal dust shall leave the grave?"
He said no more, but piously
Returned into the sacred cave.

AN ELEGY ON ESTHER TAYLOR.

She's gone, the partner of my bliss and woe;
She's quit at last each storm that wrecked her peace;
Her saint-like soul, too pure to stay below,
Is gone to glory that will never cease.

Yes, seraph-like, she's passed yon fiery spheres,
Greeted by angels with sweet hymns of bliss;
But me, alas! she's left o'erwhelmed in tears,
Weeping her loss, encircled by distress.

But shortly there will come a welcome hour,
When wrenched from me will be my fleeting breath;
Then gnawing grief will prey on me no more,
For perfect ease alone is found in death.

Then zealously I'll strive, whilst here below,
To tread the pious paths my Esther trod,
That joyfully my soul to her may go
Who's in the golden palace of her God.

THE FALLAWS GROVE.

Young Nancy once was like the morn
That blushes into day;
But soon she paled—a lover lorn—
A victim to decay.

She loved, but ah! her virgin love
Met not a due return;
This made her pace the Fallows Grove,
When midnight reigned, to mourn;

There wept, and there in bitterest grief,
Cried "William thou'rt to blame!"
Save Echo, all to her were deaf—
She answered but the same.

Yes! all were deaf; all lay in sleep;
If wake—hard case to hear—
He whom she loved had seen her weep,
And shed no answering tear.

He who to her was more than all—
His presence paradise!—
His love had vanished with her fall,
Her love he deemed a vice.

She of her Maker begged, in prayer,
Her heart to ease—sore riven;
Though noticed but by Echo here,
Her prayers were heard in heaven,

And well received; and though her tears
Marked loss of earthly peace,
Faith whispering said, and lulled her fears,
"The flood ere long must cease."

On grief's deluge religion's ark
Nancy with safety bare,
E'en when affliction's clouds most dark
O'erhung her bosom's care.

Prayer was the dove which out she sent,
The leaf it brought was faith;
She felt assured of lost content
When life should yield to death.

Thus many a sorrowing year she past,
Each year more feeble wore;
Life's fortieth day arrived at last,
Her dove returned no more.

And, when her troubled spirit fled,
Smiles decked her wasting clay;
Just so the sun by clouds o'erspread
All morning and mid-day—

Clouds which at evening disappear
From off the western sky,
And the great orb sublimely wears
His robe of majesty,

Proclaiming through the crimson scene
The morrow's cloudless day;
Thus promised Nancy's death serene
A bright eternity,

WAR AND PEACE.

Oh! talk no more to me of warriors brave:
War is a thing that never links with joy,
It is the bloody-minded tyrant's toy,
A fiery tempest, a red rushing wave,
That bears the vigorous to a gory grave,
When wild war's vivid gleams illume the sky,
And balls destructive in dread hisses fly,
And in their route the young of life bereave;
Or when on war steeds, with uplifted steel,
Stern heroes meet, and dye their falchions gory
In the fierce struggle for war's fleeting glory.
O God! what is it then the warriors feel?
What can they feel where woe and death are given?
Oh! give me peace, 'tis love embracing heaven.

Oh! give me peace, which justice cannot blight,
Which is too pure for aught but sin to mar,
Which is the flower of love, devotion's star,
A cheering joy, as glorious and as bright
As the fair hues which break the shades of night;
A soul-entrancing spell, the crush of war,
Which leaves no vestige but the wreck and scar
To damp the spirit, or to wound the sight.
Yes, give me peace unblemished with a wrong,
Sweet peace that soothes e'en every child of woe,
Which is a joy not only here below,
But is delighting to the heavenly throng;
I want no peace, if tarnished with a slave—
Such boons are slighted by the good and brave.

THE POOR MAN'S COMPLAINT.

Whilst I, alas! have not the coarsest fare
How many idlers luxuries obtain,
Who never felt want's withering touch—who drain
Their richest viands from our toil, nor care
For our wild woes; but mock our tears, our prayer,
And use the dungeon, sword, and felon's chain
To check resistance, whilst with deeds profane
They strip us of our rights. This can we bear.
Hush my sweet babes, I know your hunger's keen;
But I've no food nor hope. O God! my breast!
Your wailing tears my heart! Would I'd ne'er been,
Or were in my cold grave at endless rest!
Why talk I thus? I crave no coward's death;
Food I would have, or struggling yield my breath.

A FATHER TO HIS ORPHAN CHILD.

Weep not, dear child—I love thee girl;
Will shield thee from all threatening harm.
Thou art to my fond heart a pearl;
In weal or woe, to life a charm.

When dark events unkindly bring
To me a dreary shade of woe,
Thy smiles are sunny joys that fling
Upon the cloud a radiant bow.

Hadst thou on me no kindred claim,
Yet to thee should my aid be given;
To harm an orphan merits blame;
To bear it is insulting heaven.

He who protects an orphan child,
With strength of limb or potent pen,
Moves in sheen bravery undefiled,
The noblest of heroic men.

I think thee lovely, rich in glow,
A bud of promise, big with joys,
And one that soon I trust will blow
And yield a fragrance to the skies.

There may be some as sweet and fair;
None has for me such magic powers;
The flowerets which we nurse with care
We prize above all other flowers.

Weep not, dear child, though hands unkind
Have filched from us our couch of rest;
Such things by heaven may be destined,
The virtue of our souls to test.

Yet it is strange that she—my bride—
Should steep in upas' spleen a dart,
Then, with vindictive wrath and pride,
Should send the poison to my heart.

Yet weep not, child—still I'm thy friend;
My love for thee defies control;
To see thy gushing tears descend
Is agony that wounds my soul.

When thou art happy all is spring;
Joy buds and blows on every hour,
And every moment from its wing
Throws on my heart a lovely flower.

'Tis touching spleen's electric wire,
Dear helpless one, to take thy part;
Yet I will risk the flashing ire
That rends, with lightning shock, my heart.

Yes, I will shield thee; thou art young,
To me a charm that richer grows:
In joy's bright summer, love and song,
In wintry grief, a Christmas rose!

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BUTTERWORTH, THE CELEBRATED MATHEMATICIAN.

Though poor through life, and oft by want oppressed,
Yet with bright talents Butterworth was blest;
And in chill poverty these talents shone,
Like radiant star-beams in the frigid zone.
He was a genius bright, whose leisure time
Was hallowed by pursuits the most sublime.

He soared to abstruse science, and was there
A thing of glory, radiant, rich, and rare.
There, in deep musings he, by reason's light,
With judgment's aid, sought precious truths and bright;
And in his skilful search failed not find
These everlasting diamonds of the mind;
With them he graced the mathematic page,
And with geometry surprised the age.
Though bright in science, yet not there alone—
He glowed in virtue, in religion shone;
Felt for his fellow-men, as all men should,
And ranked himself amongst the wise and good.
Though scanty were his means, yet he was free,
In soul the very source of charity;
His bounty came not like a summer flower
To grace with flaunting sweets the sunny bower,
But like the Christmas rose, whose humble form
Gives its sweet glories to the gloom and storm.
With cautious step the hallowed path he trod
That leads the Christian safely to his God;
Cheered on by virtue, well this course he ran,
And gained the prize high heaven holds out to man.
'Tis finished now, the pilgrim's gone to rest;
But, as the sun leaves glory in the west,
A scene of grandeur he has left behind,
The bright effusions of his radiant mind.

LINES

RECITED AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE BUTTERWORTH MEMORIAL, GREENACRES CEMETERY, OLDHAM.

He was of humble birth, far-learned, and yet self-taught;
He moved in study with a step not slow,
But hastened on, not minding friend or foe,

Till he had reached the glorious end he sought,
And many a noble work by him was wrought;
Like gems of learning which through years will glow,
And on the yet unborn their lustre throw.
He searched the darksome past, and then he coped
The startling, horrid, and the sheen that cheers;
Then with alacrity the self-taught sage
Upon the skies of the historic page
Dashed the rich purple of departed years,
Which gave to Butterworth's once humble name
A pearly mansion in the world of fame.

LINES ON MAY, IN TWO SONNETS.

There is a splendid loveliness in May;
Rich beauty glistening in the sunny hours;
Whilst music perfumed by a thousand flowers
Floats on the breeze from blushing spray to spray.
And at the glimpse of morn's first rosy ray
Aloft the blithesome lark enraptured towers,
And there its sacred matins sweetly pours,
And with its carol greets the peep of day.
On every hill around we may behold
Rich waving stripes of purple, blue and gold.
And there is magic in each sylvan grove;
Delighting melody in every bush;
For there the finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Blend streams of witchery in their songs of love.

Is there, in May, a spirit walks the land,
An unseen power deputed from on high,
To strew the earth with flowers of every dye,
And fill the woods with music sweet and bland,
Then tinge the west, at eve, with colours grand,

With hues as rich as ever met the eye?
For though in grandeur Eden was a joy,
It took in glory not a loftier stand.
If there is sweeter joy than springs from these,
It is that joy which will for ever please;
A gem too pure to be at random given,
And yet it is a prize which all may win,
But never in the darkening tracks of sin;
Devotion wins it, and that prize is heaven.

I STAND APART FROM FRIENDS AND FOES.

I stand apart from friends and foes,
Close by a gurgling stream that flows
Where music, kissed by many a rose,
Delights mine ears;
Whilst Memory teems with joy and woes
Of vanished years.

And as entrancing memories stream,
Like fancied joys in childhood's dream,
I pause, and wonder as they gleam
Across my brain,
How past delights can throw a beam
On years of pain.

Yet as the streamlet's flashes rise,
As o'er the crag the water flies,
From Memory's cells spring bygone joys
Rich and sublime—
Bright stars that gilt my bosom's skies
In boyhood's time.

But deep and dark as is the cloud
Which belches fire in thunder loud,
Then leaves a deeper, darker shroud
O'er Heaven's fair form,
From Memory rush sad woes, that crowd
In one wild storm.

I turn to view my native town,
A place where I've met many a frown,
With now and then a kind look thrown
In pleasure's beam;
For there are in the dullest crown
Some gems that gleam.

There I've had hopes, but they are fled;
Enjoyments, but those joys are dead;
Some friends, but they have been misled
By subtle guile;
Which has a dark look densely spread
O'er Friendship's smile.

Still on the church I fondly gaze,
As I was wont in bygone days;
Still love to see the evening rays
Strike pane or spire—
E'en till the windows seem to blaze
With golden fire.

I wonder then what thoughts sincere,
What hearts of flame have entered there,
What souls, with reverential air,
Its aisles have trod;
Then soared in hallowed wings of prayer,
In love to God.

I once knew one whose sacred powers
Dealt streams of love in golden showers,
And grandly wreathed the passing hours
Each Sabbath there;
She wreathed them with the heart's best flowers,
All heavenly fair.

This zealous one here stayed awhile,
Emblazoned with devotion's smile,
Defying dark sin to defile
Or cloud her breast;
Then flew in glory from the vile,
And joined the blest.

Once round my head sweet flowers she bound,
Then laughed, and at the entrancing sound
A deeper place in memory found
Than any other—
'Twas love's rich tone, in radiance crowned,
Breathed by my mother.

She looked on me, beheld me blest,
And then exclaimed, "A lovelier crest
Shall by the pious be possessed
In realms on high;"
Then said, and clasped me to her breast,
"Be good, my boy."

Though she is now no dweller here,
She in my visions hovers near,
Watching my footsteps everywhere
With no remiss;
As erst, my wrongs to her are care,
My virtues bliss.

Whene'er I walk in Wisdom's ways,
On me a something seems to gaze,
With eyes trimmed with the brightest rays
That gladness wears;
But when the track of wrong I pace
They swim in tears.

It is, methinks, a trusty guide—
My mother's spirit by my side,
Directing me, when life's spring tide
Is rude and high,
That I in honour's barque may glide
To settled joy.

ON HEARING MISS TRAVIS SING.

In Jarrot Wood I've heard the thrush,
The linnet, and the blackbird sing,
While music reached the farthest bush—
Nay, through the dale did sweetly ring.

But how discordant was each sound
Compared with one I heard of late!
'Twas melody with Science crowned—
'Twas music made by Art complete.

While poets sing of Philomel—
The sweetest songster of her kind—
Oh! let me of Miss Travis tell,
Who breathes in music strength of mind.

'Twas her sweet voice—harmonious, clear—
Bearing on its soft wings a lay,
Fraught with a moral, met mine ear,
And charmed me more than vocal May.

SAM FRIAR.

A TALE.

Sam Friar was but seldom sad,
He loved to blend with sprightly wit,
Though he himself had not a bit,
But many of his neighbours had.

One evening Mellor went with Dick
To talk awhile with Sammy Friar;
They sat and chatted by the fire,
And each one told his former trick.

Dick said he'd rode his neighbour's horses
Some scores of times the live-long night,
Till they with sweat were covered o'er;
But Mellor said he'd done far more;
For he had kicked his neighbour's door,
But filled the doorstead first with gorses:—
"Out came my neighbour," then he cried,
"And in the gorses he did stride;
They prickled him, and down he fell,
And gave a loud and dismal yell.
His wife heard him and brought a light,

And every gorse from him she tore—
And then he roared, and cursed and swore,
And stamped like one that's staring mad;
He said, 'I'm killed, I'm sure to die.'
His wife soon whispered this reply:—
'If that were true I should be glad;
To see him in such madness driven
It makes me wish him safe in heaven;
Nay, if from me again,' cried Nell,
'I would not care if safe in hell.'"

Two waggish lads were standing near,
And heard him laugh and tell his story;
Their bosoms burned to gain such glory,
That they, when old, might it declare.

Not long the cunning boys did ponder,
Before they caught this artful plan:
Away to Johnny Clarke's they ran,
And fetched his ladder and his gander.

First they fastened well the door—
Next they reared the ladder up—
Then they climbed the house's top,
And sat to hear a little more.

Sam said he'd led a merry life
E're since he lost his scolding wife—
"I'm come again," exclaimed a lad,
As down the chimney he did peep;
"If so," cried Sam, "I shall go mad:
And art thou now become a sweep?"

The gander loudly gave a scream—
"Sure, sure," cried Sam, "it is my dame."
Then up the chimney pipe did view—
That moment down the gander flew,
And on his visage it light smack,
And made him as a sweeper black.

Away with haste ran Dick and Mellor,
And Sammy scampered close behind;
The fastened door they often tried,
But there no passage could they find;
Then off below they swiftly hied
With trembling haste into the cellar.

Old Sam into a corner crept—
As still as mice the others lay,
Till Sol pronounced it rising day;
But none of them a moment slept.

When morn appeared these two did rise,
And on old Friar cast their eyes—
"Look," Mellor said, "is that a man?"
"No," whispered Dick, "it is the De'il—
Good Lord have mercy on my soul!"
Then up the steps they swiftly ran.

That instant up the gander rose,
And round the house he screaming went,
Which stopped them, or God only knows,
Where them such terror would have sent.

Like them, old Sam was struck with fear,
And, as before, kept in the rear;
First on the gander they did gaze,
And then they viewed the sooty place.

Then each on each did look awhile,
Then on each other cast a smile,
When Mellor cried, "Tis all a joke!"
Which did a hearty laugh provoke.

And so it was throughout each life:
For as they passed each little boy
He'd laugh, and loudly then would cry
"When did you see Old Friar's wife?"

Reader, don't boast, when thou art hoary,
Of deeds so base done in thy youth,
Though every word be stamped with truth,
For fear some wags should hear the story,
And it should their bosoms fire
With unquenchable desire
To use thee as these used Sam Friar.

SLAVERY.

Why tell me America's free,
  Save where the wild savages dwell?
Reigns freedom where law does decree
  "A female to buy or to sell?"

"Oh! Edwin," Maria exclaimed,
  "From thee I am doomed to depart:"
And tears down her ebon face streamed,
  Forced—forced by the fulness of heart.

Again she exclaimed, "Canst thou bear
  To see me torn fiercely away,
Eternally sold from my dear,
  Beyond the wide billowy sea?"

Then round him she clasped her fond arms,
  And swooning she fell on his breast—
He gazed on her neatly formed charms,
  Then thus the sad mourner addressed:

"Oh! come, my sweet girl let us hie
  Across the wide uncultured plain;
To yon howling forest we'll fly,
  Far—far from fell Tyranny's chain.

We'll dare the most ferocious beast,
  And the rattlesnake we will brave:
Oh! if thou with quickness wilt haste,
  Maria's no longer a slave."

Then off to the forest they ran,
  Their fetters for freedom to change—
From hard-hearted civilised man,
  With savages kindred to range.

But hard was their lot as they went;
  On nought but raw fowl could they fare:
At length they fell, wearied and faint,
  Sad victims of want and despair.

A savage, when searching wild fowl,
Beheld the poor fugitives lie;
And he, with true greatness of soul,
Took them to his cottage hard by.

And them he did nourish and tend,
Till health compelled sickness to flee;
To them he was father and friend—
With him they were happy and free.

A model, ye sociable great,
By one but with nature his guide;
Where virtue, in primitive state,
Reigned free from the tarnish of pride.

ON THE DEATH OF MY CHILD.

How sweet was the look of my child!
But John's pleasant glance is no more—
How oft he has met me and smiled,
At noon, lisping "Dad," at my door.

At night when I left my employ,
And went to my family and home,
To meet me my infant would hie,
With smiles sweetly spread on his bloom.

But, ah! he can meet me no more,
Nor glad my fond heart with a kiss,
Nor prattle, nor play on the floor,
Nor show me at that nor at this.

Nor woo with a smile my embrace,
Nor lisp the Lord's Prayer when in bed,
Nor can I behold his sweet face,
For now he's enrolled with the dead.

Whenever his grave I survey,
These thoughts to my fancy are given:
I first seem to view him at play,
Then a beautiful spirit in heaven.

The tiger flower brings him to mind—
The rose when prepared to unfold;
In one his short life I can find—
The other his beauty behold.

Though laid in his cradle of dust,
To slumber in death's torpid rest,
His soul's in the land of the just,
And aye he shall live in my breast.

ON TONE.

In the depth of night, when silence reigns,
The Nightingale's melodious strains
Are sweet—yes, truly sweet to hear,
Then floating on the clouded air.

When morning, through the purple east,
Looks calmly on the dreary waste,
The soaring lark's symphonious song
'Tis sweet to hear awake the throng

Of feathered tribe, to chant their lays
To Him who made them—Him to praise.
When day is come, and in the dew
The sun his brilliant face may view,

'Tis sweet, beneath the blushing briar,
To sit and hear the feathered choir.
'Tis sweet to hear the humming bee,
Whilst Nature holds her jubilee.

Her matin's sweet, melodious tone
Sends up up to her Creator's throne;
His answering—smiles the modest bowers,
Behold, and blush, ambrosial flowers.

'Tis sweet to hear, by beauteous maid
The melting-toned piano played;
When with the strains rich voice is joined,
Assisted by the powers of mind.

Returning from some distant clime,
'Tis sweet to hear the church bell chime
At native home; but sweeter still
Is friendship's voice; its cadence will

E'en reach the heart, and rouse, when there,
An ecstacy which draws the tear;
But there's a tone excels the whole
Conjoined—'tis music to the soul—

Sweet as the dulcet sounds of heaven,
E'en when the welcome word is given
To saints arrived in realms above,
Is love's requested word or love.

HEART-FELT DELIGHT.

What most to please the human eye
Possesses greatest power?
Is it the blue-bespangled sky,
Or some unfolding flower?

Is it the various-coloured bow
Which rides upon the wind?
Or garden where sweet flowerets grow
Of many a different kind?

Is it the morn which glows like fire,
Or day's serenest close?
Or can it be the blushing briar
Bedecked with many a rose?

No, no! though these may please awhile,
They can no spell impart
So powerful as a loved one's smile—
For that can reach the heart.

ON MEETING WITH A WEALTHY FRIEND

Who was looking pensively on the sun, as it was sinking in the west, and telling me at the time that the rich man had more and keener sorrow than the poor man had.

There is a pang felt by the low,
Which to avoid's beyond their power—
A pang the wealthy never know—
'Tis poverty's soul-saddening lower.

The gilded west, when Sol departs,
The rich may watch in pensive mood;
But they ne'er see, with aching hearts,
Their helpless offspring weep for food.

I'll own that 'neath a glittering gem
The heart in agony may heave;
As blighted roses leave the stem,
Health's tints the titled form may leave.

I'll own, be in what state it may,
Life hath its brambles and its roses;
Is sometimes sad, and sometimes gay;
Opens in grief, or in pain closes.

I'll own some ills which men betide
Befall them through a life mis-spent;
For, oh! it cannot be denied,
The heart by folly oft is rent.

I'll own guilt, nursed for length of years,
May over-shadow life's last ray,
May form a cloud which all the prayers
Of terror cannot waft away.

The lowly err, through which are wrought
Pangs painful as the rich e'er feel;
Pangs they by native pride are taught
From the censorious to conceal.

E'en as the rich, with Nature's ills,
The lowly do and must contend;
And ah! which oft my bosom chills,
Meet twenty scorners for one friend.

There is a pang dealt to the low,
Or meanly base, or truly good,
A pang the wealthy never know—
This dreaded pang is want of food.

TO MY VILLAGE BELL.

Dear village bell, thy mellow tone
Was magic music to mine ear
When life on boyhood's happy throne
Sat crowned in health, still free from care!

Thou call'dst me then each Sabbath morn,
But not unto the house of prayer,
My youth in worship to adorn;
No hand was stretched to lead me there.

My whim indulged e'en from a child,
Till blushing reason claimed the man,
I ran about almost as wild
As an untutored African.

Though I in youth was never taught
That Jesus suffered to redeem,
From Nature's works a glimpse I caught,
Convincive of the world's Supreme.

Oft I have watched the sun go down,
When in his garb of glory drest
He sank, enveloped in a gown
Of crimson hue, to placid rest.

And in the morn beheld him rise,
Still shining in vermil attire,
Until the wide-spread eastern skies
Seemed one extended lucid fire.

I've seen him strip his gown of red,
Put on such robes of brilliancy
As made e'en every field and mead,
With flowery grandeur, blush to see.

Though but a youth in Nature's gloom,
I pondered oft the cause to find;
And as towards his native home,
With firmness points an exile's mind,

So mine—and for it God be praised—
Pointed towards the vaulted sky;
For reason's eye, when upwards raised,
The glorious Author saw on high.

But bliss is like a transcient rose,
A precious sweet soon from us torn;
But like the rose's stem are woes,
Each proves to be a lasting thorn.

This truth I have been taught to know,
Even by thy tones, dear village bell!
In that sad strain when noting woe,
Thou rung my Hannah's funeral knell.

Oh! what a look was that dear look
Her dying efforts on me cast!
'Twas such as angels' eyes might brook,
But how could mine—it was her last?

Yet that sweet look 'mongst memory's train
Of flowerets far the fairest glows;
One thought of it, though big with pain,
I would not for a kingdom lose.

Darkened for ever is that eye
Which caught with joy my earliest smile,
Watched me, when sick, attentively,
Though glazed by love and fear the while.

Stilled is that tongue which joyously
Was sung my infancy to cheer,
Which, like some magic melody,
Could cause a smile to gild the tear.

Decayed's that hand which often drest
My baby form in comfort's dress;
And mouldered is that tender breast
Which did my earliest moments bless.

These were my mother's! where is she,
My manhood's pride, my childhood's slave,
The truest friend e'er breathed to me?
Ah! thou hast called her to the grave.

My baby, too, sweet innocence!
Thy awful knell, when but a bud,
Called to its native residence,
To blow an angel with its God.

Now every Sabbath thou call'st me
  Unto that holy temple, where
The high and low bow reverently,
  And breathe, in mingled tone, the prayer.

Oh! it is sweet to hear thy toll
  Bid Christians to the church repair,
But sweeter to the Christian's soul
  With kindred souls to mingle there;

With them to join the choral psalm,
  As by the inspired David given,
Which, whilst it gives a holy calm,
  Raises the soul from earth to heaven.

Where he with sacred joy surveys
  Departed friends, earth's broken ties,
Companions of his bygone days,
  Now happy inmates of the skies;

Friends whom he often used to meet,
  To bend in prayer the humble knee,
Or spend an hour in converse sweet
  With beings who had ceased to be;

Friends whom again—'tis not mere thought—
  He soon must meet no more to part!
By this sweet hope such bliss is wrought,
  Heaven's sun-ray seems to touch the heart:

This hope in life's dark night's a star—
  Day-spring of immortality!
To mark heaven's haven from afar,
  Whilst crossing time's rude billowy sea.

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS SICK,

To a man who courted his acquaintance in health, but shunned him in sickness.

False Friend! why in affliction's hour,
When racked nigh death by fell disease,
Thus shun me, as you would a flower
Whose blighted sweets have ceased to please?

I heed not this; nor if each friend
I ever had should me despise!
To other friends mine eyes ascend,
To catch the comforts of the skies!

Though friendless here, the humble bard,
Who groans beneath affliction's rod,
From sweet converse is not debarred—
He holds communion with his God.

Yet those who see a floweret droop
They prized while in its sweetness graced,
Nor once to lift its head nor stoop,
Unworthy are its sweets to taste.

WOMAN'S SMILE.

A SONNET.

In woman's smile there's such rich beauty beams,
Serenely mild, as seems a glimpse of heaven
Pure and celestial! when by virtue given;
'Tis doubtless, then, the hallowed thing it seems!
And yet, sometimes, 'tis but a mask for vice,
A mere decoy the artless to entice
To ruin; as a snake lures birds, to prey
On them! But when nor mask, nor lure, it is,
Fair cheeks adorning—that heart-soothing ray
Whose placid lustre yields the wretched bliss—

There's nought so pleasing 'neath the vaulted sky
That's visible to man! Do angels glow
With aught more beautifully sweet? If so,
What nameless glories shine in realms on high!

ON THE ESTABLISHERS OF THE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL, ROCHDALE.

While others sing of heroes great,
Who're clad in blood-drenched fame;
Who joy the land to desolate,
To raise a sounding name,

An humbler, worthier, task be mine,
To sing of Vavasour;
And of the fair whose efforts join
With his, to aid the poor.

They aim not at that frail renown
Caught but when blighting joy;
Their deeds are gems in virtue's crown,
Whose lustre soars to sky.

He, Madams, Astons, Hodgsons, Holt,
To win God's blessing, bless;
For they mind's darkening doors unbolt
For those in helplessness.

And then in thought's dark chamber pour
Religion's blessed light;
That its possessor may have power
To see 'bove Nature's height.

To teach the child of poverty
To read God's word their plan;
Through which the ingenious youth may be,
At man's estate, a man.

They teach the females how to pray,
And sing the evening hymn;
And, as they chant the holy lay,
Each seems a seraphim.

The while on every cheek there glows
A tint, which young smiles meet—
More beauteous than the half-blown rose,
Than day's calm close more sweet.

Oh! if we e'er on earth perceive
Aught that resembles heaven,
'Tis when this hymn, at Sabbath eve,
By such assembly's given.

ON HEARING A MAN SAY HE NEVER COULD VIEW THE PAST WITHOUT A SIGH,

And wish he could blot it from his memory.

Oh! hast thou stained thy hands in blood,
Drawn from a fellow-creature's veins?
Or seen thy neighbours pine for food,
And smiled in mockery on their pains?

Or hast thou dared to rob the grave,
Thy sordid wishes to allay?
Or by fell perjury made a slave,
To drag his chains in misery?

Or hast thou at the board of vice
Had such a loss as makes the past
Seem unto thee a paradise
From which thou art for ever cast?

Why question thus, since various things
May clouds of darksome grief impart?
Haply 'tis some sad loss that wrings
With heaving agony thy heart.

Is some loved being in the tomb
Thy bosom prized far more than gold?
Or are thy friends and kin become
Like tales forgotten, long since told?

Attract they constant fancy's eye,
And ne'er but steeped in sorrow's tear,
'Whelming thy soul in misery,
Too mighty for thee long to bear.

Or hast some friend false-hearted been,
Thy passions lured with motives fell,
Then on thy folly cast his spleen,
And laughed to see thy breast a hell?

Or art thou doomed on love's wild heath
A phantom in his stead to chase,
Thy heart to wear the thorny wreath
Gathered from disappointment's maze?

Why doth despair thus torture thee?
Crimes surely on thy vitals prey,
Else why from off thy memory
So wish all past were wiped away?

Take courage, man! Brave Nature's ills,
They're wisely sent to try men here;
If crime of sin thy bosom thrills,
Repent, and have recourse to prayer.

Thy soul has lost it way? God's might
Can set it right—free thee from woe;
Repair thee to religion's light,
'Twill melt thy sin like sun the snow.

And by that light thou bliss wilt find,
But not on earth, or near or far;
Its reflex may adorn mankind,
On angels only beams its star.

TO MY ROYTON, OLDHAM, AND ROCHDALE FRIENDS.

My worthy friends, what hallowed power
Bade you to lift the "way-side flower,"
When its emaciated form
Was bent beneath affliction's storm?
Why ask where Christianity
Has taught the soul philanthropy!
Greenwood, thou earliest sought this flower,
And found it drooping in its bower;
Thy aid there cheered it, as the rains
Refresh Arabia's long parched plains.
Oh, noble Lusher! noble Burt!
Soon as you knew the flower was hurt
By the fell storm, you kindly sped
To ease and lift its drooping head.
And noble-minded Vavasour—
Kind friend to the infirm and poor—
Thine aid was not withheld, but came
Free as a summer's noon-day beam.
Roby—as dew-drops brightly gem
A daisy's as a rose's stem,
Though blooming on a barren wild—
Thou deign'st to honour Nature's child,
Though humbly born, as him whose birth
Has placed him 'midst the proud of earth;
For with the dew of charity
The "way-side flower" was cheered by thee.

Oh! noble Howarth! kind Skellorn!
You were to it a glorious morn;
For vanished then the bosom's gloom
As dreariness shall leave the tomb
When the celestial trump shall sound
"Come ye sepulchred from the ground."
Oh, noble Aston! friend most dear!
Whitelock and Dawson!—suns that cheer,
And with attractive influence
Draw fostering good, then it dispense
To suffering mortals, such as I,
Whose birth was dark—whose misery
Their manhood crowns. Sharing that good
I burn with sacred gratitude,
My thanks extending to each source
From which the fostering good arose;
Or woman, who this feeling's shown—
Woman, whose heart is pity's throne,
Whose pious fragrance makes distress
Amongst her humble neighbours less;
Or noble-minded man, whose breast,
When he is blessing, most is blest.
Oh, yes, my heart-felt thanks extend
To every known and unknown friend,
And their kind gifts my future days
Shall tarnish not, nor e'er efface.
But what are words!—my heart-strings ache
To think I no return can make
But words, since fell hypocrisy
Can breathe the same as loud as I;
Oh that I could but manifest
The secrets of my grateful breast!
That in my bosom might be viewed
The evergreen of gratitude,

Deep rooted in my heart—a tree
There planted by your charity—
And there will bloom till it is mine
This joyless being to resign.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

To memory's fond eye, oh! what scenes now appear,
Bidding the full bosom with keen anguish swell,
As in a faint whisper the expiring year
Breathes, solemnly breathes an eternal farewell!

Each scene in the wreath of a true moral graced,
Showing that all pleasures of earth are but dreams!
That earth's shining hopes in their glowing pomp waste,
Like icicles kissed by the wooing sunbeams.

Sweet hopes we enjoyed crowned in buds of delight,
When here we sat listening the last year's adieu!
But soon like a floweret when touched with the blight,
They withered, their bloom never more to renew!

When last year was closing, remember you not,
How *Lucy* and *Sarah* here gambolled with glee,
'Till sweetly by echo was borne through the cot,
The magical strains of mirth's rich melody?

As harmless as lambkins they joyously played,
With laughing eyes sparkling, like roses in bloom
Their sweet faces glowed;—but they're gone! Have they strayed?
Ah, no! they've been borne each a corpse to the tomb!

Nay, weep not, dear Mary, cease throbbing, my heart—
'Tis nat'ral to grieve, yet all sorrow is vain:
The nearest and dearest are destined to part;
But soon shall the virtuous with joy meet again.

Yes! sorrow is vain! then indulge not thy woe;
To heaven-dealt ills we should e'er be resigned;
As a dark cloud is gilt by a beauteous rainbow,
So pious submission adorns the wrung mind.

Were life's path of roses unmixed with a thorn,
From earth our attachment would never be riven;
The strong ties of earth by such losses are torn,
And hope and affection exalted to heaven.

TO THE REDBREAST.

Come redbreast, come, and spend the winter here,
For thou art welcome to my humble cot;
Come chaunt thy requiem o'er the dying year,
And point to mortal man his destined lot.

Oh! bid him, with thy moralising song,
Behold the neighbouring grove, which lately wore
The pomp of nature, and with music rung,
Now wrapt in silence, and that pomp's no more.

Then bid him view yon fields, where waved the corn,
Now by the reaper formed in massy sheaves;
Then turn his eye, and view that naked thorn,
And list, and he will hear its rustling leaves.

Then see the neighbouring meads, and he will find,
Where Flora's beauteous mantle late was spread,
Shedding its odours in the passing wind,
Nothing but withered grass, drooping or dead.

And he a thoughtful sigh can not evade,
For in their fate he may behold his doom;
To bud in spring, in summer bloom, and fade
In autumn, and in winter fill the tomb.

THE SOT.

See there he goes, staggering along,
With tattered clothes, and debauched tongue,
A reeling nuisance in the streets,
Insulting every one he meets.

A champion now, with valour big—
A brainless sot, a dirty pig—
A pig he is, he soars no higher,
Behold him rolling in the mire.

He for his offspring cares no more
Than does his tusky brother boar;
And his children, every one
Seems like a breathing skeleton.

Behold his ghastly looking wife,
So wretched—weary of her life;
Those tattered clothes her best attire,
Nor has she even food or fire.

And to augment her poignant woes
She often breaks her fast with blows.
But here I'll drop it, nor again
To paint a sot disgrace my pen.

ON WOMAN.

In tenderness woman's of Heaven a feature,
In her sweetness of mein its reflection is given;
On earth she's the noblest production of Nature,
A blessing to man from the kind hand of Heaven.

She's a tear for his anguish, a smile for his pleasure,
A tongue, toned in melody, cheering and kind;
Through life she's comfort, a helpmate, a treasure,
Which none can o'erlook but the barren in mind.

When in his bright eye his heart's sunshine's reflected,
And smiles on his enraptured cheeks dance for joy,
Her sweet look seems like, then towards him directed,
An angel when hailing a saint to the sky.

But when he's in sickness, or sad sorrow bearing,
Her look beams with sympathy caught from the soul,
Which sympathy is to his bosom as cheering
As daybreak to seamen when dread billows roll.

Her counsel the while is with due caution given,
His sufferings to soothe tries again and again,
At the failing of which her bosom is riven,
The sad sound of sorrow announces its pain.

She, e'en from his birth to his bosom's last heaving,
Like Hope, is a light in his soul-saddening lower;
When dead, to her memory his image then cleaving
Oft points to the past, and her fond feeling's power.

Then who but must love such a sweet thing as woman!
So tender, so noble, so mentally fair!
The being that cannot is certainly no man,
But something whose baseness defies all compare.

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS COOPER.

Oh! hark yon sound—'tis Cooper's knell!
To us he's bid a last farewell;
And see, his friends around him mourn,
As to the churchyard he is borne.

A pious moral was his life;
He hated sin, he hated strife,
And censured it in high and low,
In kindred, stranger, friend, and foe.

This censure was his keenest rod—
A prayer in their behalf to God;
And those he censured with his prayer
His deeds convinced how wrong they were.

When want approached him for relief
He gave his mite bedewed with grief—
Feeling for mortals so distressed;
Then words of comfort he expressed,

And with a smile, as if from heaven,
Evinced how freely it was given;—
As May in rain and sun doth fling
Her riches in the lap of spring.

Sin never could a spell impart
With power to stain his spotless heart:
He was too noble far to bow
To any thought that leads to woe.

Though noble, he was free from pride;
With God he lived—with God he died:
Absorbed in prayer he closed his eyes—
Oh! happy death—then winged the skies,

To bloom in yon celestial bower,
With Christ a never-fading flower;
And there he is in endless rest,
In love of Christ an angel blest.

ON T———.

Tom Henbane was a genius born,
But never has been since;
For then the gem from him was torn
His deeds through life evince.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

Sweet bliss, from mortals thou art torn
The very moment thou art born;
How short a life to thee is given,
Save in the peaceful realms of heaven.

In that celestial, glorious clime
Thou art eternal and sublime;
But here, as soon as born, sweet thing,
Thy life is doomed away to wing.

Yea, sooner far thou diest away
Than e'en the frailest flowers decay;
Thou art more fleeting than a dream,
Or dimpling bubble on a stream.

Nay, shadow-like thou fleest each plan
Of being ever grasped by man;
Save virtue guides his erring hand
To thee in yon celestial land.

WINTER.

AN ACROSTIC.

With blinding snows and roaring tempests chilled
In thou dost come, and whiten every hill:
'Numbed with the cold, with hunger too oppressed,
Thou to my cot hast forced the poor redbreast:
Eat, bird, thy fill, and dwell with one like thee
Reared in the humblest state of poverty.

WOMAN.

AN ACROSTIC.

What hosts of bards of thee have sung—
Ornament of every place;—
More than terrene thou seem'st when young;
An angel art thou when thy tongue
Ne'er dims the splendour of thy face.

TANDLE HILL.

Hail, pleasant place! sweet Tandle Hill!
I loved thee once—I love thee still;
I love to view thy verdant bowers
When spring adorns thy breast with flowers.

For though the sight makes me complain,
It yields me pleasure with the pain:
As undisturbed can flow the tear,
For ah!—but I the cause forbear.

Let it suffice that I am poor,
And never can be happy more;
For as on thee I cast mine eye
My wounded bosom heaves a sigh.

Thou me remind'st of pleasures past,
And oh! of sorrow coming fast,
Of much arrived, of more to come
Betwixt the present and the tomb.

AN EPITAPH.

Prepare, ye thoughtless youths, prepare to die!
But you are perhaps in health; and so was I
The other day—now in this tomb I lie:
And you who now this awful truth have read,
May be, ere morrow, numbered with the dead.

THE RETURNING SOLDIER.

When fate had stayed the awful flood
Of French and English reeking blood,
Bade frowning war once more to cease,
And blessed us with the smiles of peace,

Discharged and free, young William flew
His long-left home once more to view;
And when he saw his native place,
A thoughtful tear stole down his face.

"Where is the honour?" he exclaimed,
"That boasted fame the sergeant named,
When he decoyed me from the plough
And bound the ribbons round my brow?

Is this the trophy of the war,
This deeply cut disfiguring scar?
Yes, war is but the tyrant's toy,
Which wealth and beauty doth destroy.

A din which injures much the brain,
And reason binds in folly's chain—
A crash of limbs—a waste of life—
A furious hurricane of strife.

Nor aught from it can ever rise
But heaving sobs and streaming eyes.
How long, the boasted fame to find,
I've wandered with a troubled mind!

Wading through gore I sought this fame,
But found instead—what wants a name—
War's mangled victims—dying groans—
Rivers of blood, and hills of bones;

Nay, harmless infants heaped in piles,
Relentless slain while decked in smiles.
Now to my fancy Ann appears,
As here I left her, steeped in tears;

Her grief-wet face seems to disclose,
Adorned with dew, a blooming rose:
And from this flower, in all her charms,
I flew to mingle war's alarms.

Ah! yes, I flew from my sweet Ann,
To fight with unoffending man.
But why thus musing here remain,
And to the passing breeze complain?

Why not to yonder cottage start,
And there my tale of woe impart?
Tell Ann in what strange climes I've been,
And there what anguish felt and seen."

He went to where his love did dwell,
His tale of heartfelt grief to tell;
And when he gained her well-known door,
Alas! he found she was no more.

This mournful news which smote his ear,
The war-worn soldier could not bear;
He started back—he closed his eyes—
He fell—and fell no more to rise.

THE GREAT LITTLE MAN.

Hark, old friend, what the people say—
They say thou art an arrant knave,
So avariciously a slave—
A griping miser every way.

And thus, thy selfish end to gain,
Thou cut and sold the hair of Payne
To dotard men and silly fools,
Who bought it with the greatest speed,
Thinking from it to learn to read—
A famous shift in lack of schools.
As Afric's sons of white men's hair
Thought from it of gaining knowledge,
Cheaper and better than from college,
So philosophic and so rare.

They say this changeling, loud as thunder,
Begs, in language sweet as honey,
For us to gather him this money—
Five thousand pounds— a monstrous sum!
Enough to strike the fair sex dumb;
And for what use leaves us to wonder.
He says, in intimations warm,
It is to gain a quick reform;
But let him first reform himself—
A crafty, avaricious elf;
For honest worth is not his aim;
"No, no, 'tis wealth," they do exclaim;
"'Tis wealth he wants, he plainly shows,
And in the sink he'd stick his nose;
And pig-like root through dirt and mire,
And grunt and snuffle therein,
Or flay two devils for one skin,
Could he his darling wealth acquire."

THE LOVER'S INVITATION.

The day with ruddy grandeur closes,
The leaves are still on every tree,
And Philomel, near yonder roses,
Chants her sweet song melodiously.

With verdant boughs extended o'er us,
We'll hear the sweet, reviving song;
And rosy fragrance spread before us,
This night we'll sweetly pass along.

Then let us haste to yonder willow,
Beneath its spreading boughs so high;
There let thy bosom be my pillow,
And rock me with a lover's sigh.

Yes, sigh, sweet girl, whilst I around thee
Clasp these fond arms to snatch a kiss;
Ah, no, a kiss should never wound thee,
That springs from love, but yield thee bliss;

Nor should our parting, Sue, constrain thee
To shed a tear or give thee pain;
Ah, yes! anxiety should pain thee,
Nor cease until we meet again.

DEATH.

Prince of destruction! deign to say
How I can shun thy sting;
Say, is the murky hut the way?
Or palace of the king?

If not, then is the foaming main
A barrier unto thee?
Or is the sweet and verdant plain
From thy intrusion free?

Or dost not thou the stream pervade?
Or haunt the crystal spring?
Or is the cavern's gloomy shade
A shelter from thy sting?

Ah, no! thy horrid, grim control
All nature must obey;
Nor man, nor beast, nor fish, nor fowl,
Can shun thy deadly sway.

The floweret's bud, ah! ere it blows,
Thou sink'st in utter night;
The dappled pink, the fragrant rose,
And tulip thou dost blight.

Nor pious saint, nor comely maid,
Nor e'en the sceptered king,
A single moment can evade
Thy breathless-making sting.

O'er earth, and sea, and air extends
Thy all-destroying wand;
Thus thou shalt tower till nature ends,
Then breathless drop thy hand.

But man again to life shall rise,
Triumphing from the tomb;
Called by the trump beyond the skies
To meet the eternal doom.

Yes, man shall live when every world
Shall dashed to nothing be,
And every element is hurled
Into nonentity.

THE NYMPH OF THE VALE.

A nymph in yonder vale now dwells,
Of charms divine possessed;
All other maids she far excels,
'Tis e'en by all confessed.

The lily and the rose in prime
Seem in her face to rise,
Clad with a vest of smiles sublime,
Adorned with brilliant eyes.

Her heart's composed of peace and love,
Untarnished by deceit;
The seraph's dulcet song above
Than her's is not more sweet.

And her curled locks wave in the air,
The comeliest ever seen;
And her fine form has no compare,
Nor has her graceful mein.

Jane's soothing tongue and tender mind
Oft stay the tear and sigh;
In short, she seems, to bless mankind,
An angel from the sky.

SPRING.

The hills and the valleys display
A vest of the purest green;
The lambkins how jocund they play,
The morning how bright and serene!

Oh, Spring! how delightful art thou!
How beauteous thy mantle to view;
Now blossom adorns the green bough,
And leaves gemmed with glittering dew!

Small insects dance over the rill,
And fishes are sporting within it;
What melody floats from yon hill,
Breathed forth by the lark and the linnet!

The throstle melodiously sings,
The wren mourns upon the green brake,
The swallow, how swiftly she wings,
And kisses her shade on the lake!

The cuckoo flies over the lea,
I see her, I hear her sweet voice!
Nay all, to the ant and the bee,
In Nature's revival rejoice.

Fair Nancy now comes, charming maid,
With richest of beauty she teems;
Compared with her's roses' charms fade,
As Luna's light in the sunbeams.

Oh, woman! how comely thou art;
How rich are thy charms to the eye;
When innocence centres thy heart,
Can aught with thy loveliness vie?

Can yon pretty bird rival thee,
Or the rose, or the blush of the morn?
No, nor the most beautiful tree,
When blossoms its branches adorn!

The auricula and the primrose
Attract by their beauty the eyes;
Now Sol his refulgency throws
From his lofty palace, the skies.

His light makes the buds swell and blow,
And Flora to smile on the earth;
And he with his enlivening glow
To myriads of creatures gives birth.

The trees a green mantle now wear,
New vigour life gains from each shower;
Perfumes now embosom the air,
Derived from each sweet scented flower.

The broom, violet, daisy, bluebell,
And cowslip now furnish mankind
With sweets for the eye and the smell,
And grace with a moral the mind.

The tulip, bespangled with gold,
Towers highly in beauty supreme;
The fruit trees their blossoms unfold,
And a rich laden harvest proclaim.

Ah! who on such beauty can gaze
Less grateful than birds of the grove?
Be mute, while they warble his praise,
Nor reverence the Giver above?

THE DYING LOVER.

Ah! why, sweet girl, dost thou refrain
To pace the grove as you were wont,
And look on me with cool disdain,
And shun those places which I haunt?

And if on thee I gaze by chance,
Why toss thy head in haughty scorn?
Nor on my presence deign to glance,
But from me with such shyness turn?

Ah! who could think so feminine,
So dove-like soft a beauteous creature,
Could bear to see her lover pine,
Remorseless, with unshaken nature!

Now for him canst thou breathe a sigh?
Must he in love to dust return?
Oh! canst thou bear to see him die,
And sable weeds his friends adorn?

Will Dinah not her lover save,
But his untimely death still force,
And see his friends weep round his grave,
And hear the requiem o'er his corpse?

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

As golden Sol was one eve retiring
Behind his western impurpled screen,
And I his beauteous exit admiring—
Sat on a hill robed in vivid green—

I heard a damsel so sweetly singing—
Who was reclined in a neighbouring grove—
As set with music the vales a-ringing,
And with her song smote my heart with love.

Then I arose, and to her I started,
Who then assailed me with so sweet a lay;
The silver moon her mild light imparted,
And plainly showed me the Queen of May.

Her sparkling eyes were like diamonds shining,
Her naked breast was like snow to view,
Her auburn hair was in ringlets twining,
And her sweet face wore a rosy hue.

As she beneath the green branch was sitting
There did such worth and matchless beauty shine
As made me wish, what's vain repeating,
That all the wealth in this world was mine;

With haste to her I'd have flown a-telling
That at her feet I would lay it low,
To bless with riches her humble dwelling,
If in return she'd her heart bestow.

THE MOON.

The mild illumner of the night
Shone cloudless quite, and clear,
When Sol withdrew his dazzling light
Some other land to cheer.

Now she is wapped in darksome shroud,
Nor shed a single ray
That pierces through the sable cloud
To light the traveller's way.

Ah! lonely traveller, thy case
Is similar to mine;
While Edwin smiled I lived in peace,
And lately peace was thine.

Fair Luna, with her borrowed light,
Made easier far thy toil,
And Edwin charmed my ravished sight
With artificial smile.

The moon is hid, with clouds o'erspread,
And dark thy pathway's grown;
And Edwin's pleasant smile is fled,
Or hid in haughty frown.

LINES TO TANDLE HILL.

With tones ecstatic sing thy woods in spring,
Sweet warbling music floats from every tree,
Whilst gladdened echo on its steady wing
Bears back the dulcet strain of melody.
The merry blackbird's bosom-stirring strain,
The high-toned throstle's carol loud and shrill,
Blend with the finch and linnet's doleful plain,
And give thee sounds of witchery, Tandle Hill.

And the high-towering lark, in distance dim,
So sweetly sings betwixt thee and the skies—
Fancy might deem the bird a seraphim
Warbling its hymn of praise in Paradise;
And spring time gives thee beauties, zephyrs soft,
And flowers my fond heart prized when I was young,
In gathering which I traced thee once and oft,
With breast all sunshine, and with voice all song.

And o'er thee oft I chased the butterfly,
That sun-roused insect, lovely, bright, and fair,
Whose hues are splendid as the western sky
When all is tinged with rosy grandeur there;
Though once a crawling, scoffed, soil-sheltered grub,
'Tis now, on pinions rich, a beauty gay,
Flying to Nature's sweets from flower to shrub,
And, pearl-like, glistening in the sunny ray;—
How like it is the saint; his fate is scorn,
And scoffed is he till to the cold dust given,
But thence he soars, on wings celestial borne,
A sun-gilt seraph to the sweets of heaven.

And oft the sharer of these happy hours
Was one who cast on me love's kindly eye,
And scattered on my heart love's fairest flowers,
And sweet as fair, yet destined soon to die.
A dreary change is wrought, those hours are gone,
And gone, oh God! is she who shared my joys;
This gives my voice a melancholy tone,
And swells my bosom with the saddest sighs.

A crowd of sweet delights thy scenes unfold;
Around thy base the fairest roses blow;
Thy whin-clad peak looks like a tower of gold,
Thy dasied mounds like little hills of snow;
And, waving in the sylvan dale below,

A lake of green thy clustered young trees seem;
And at thy foot bright winding streamlets flow,
Whose blushing rims with gayest flowerets teem;
And on thy slope, and in thy valleys deep,
The grazing cattle feed on bright young flowers,
Lambs on a couch of violets take their sleep,
While modest sunbeams walk the passing hours.

Not always so; sometimes stern Nature's ire
Wraps the sun's radiance in a dreary shroud,
While to thee speaks high heaven in words of fire,
Which makes thee quake beneath the teeming cloud;
Awe, deep and solemn, walks thy sylvan vales,
When in dread majesty dense vapours come,
When lightning shakes thee with terrific peals,
And bounding floods leap from the rolling gloom.
On such dread grandeur once 'twas mine to gaze;
A wind-tossed deluge then swept thy descent,
And loud peals came on wings of vivid blaze,
Which tore—or seemed to tear—the firmament.

But Nature's wrath is brief—soon awful gloom
To brightest hues of beauty yields its place;
Ere long the storm withdrew, and thy fair bloom
Presented to mine eye a lovelier face.
How truly glorious were thy blushing bowers,
To them the storm a sweeter grace had given;
They were bright emblems of those lucid flowers
Whose bloom is endless, and whose sweets are heaven;
Yet they'd no charms which could delight mine eyes,
The storm had marred the fairest thing on earth;
I on my loved one gazed, and woe's wild sighs
Leaped in my breast—her answering look was death.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Ere thou sought'st for glory in war
The sweet rose of joy I possessed;
It withered when thou rambled afar,
But left its keen thorns in my breast.
The warrior, I own, merits fame
Who boldly to freedom's aid flies,
Yet nobler, dear Will, is his theme
Who weaves for his home rosy joys.

The lark which aloft takes its flight,
And breathes its rich melody there,
May touch the rapt ears with delight,
Whilst filling with music the air,
Yet sweeter thy voice is in song,
There's nothing but bliss in its train,
To hear it is ecstacy strong,
But when shall I hear it again?

Thy garden is lovely and fair,
Joy gleams in the beauty it wears,
Its flowers I have tended with care,
And watered them oft with my tears.
Thy chair is still vacant: return—
Thy children request it in prayer—
Thou canst not, and still I must mourn,
Still writhe on the rack in despair.

Then gazed she with grief on each child—
Grief striking her eyes dim and red—
As, casting her looks sad and wild,
Her hue blushed its farewell and fled;
This woe storm had death in its blast,
To Emma, oh God! it was doom,
Her soldier has seen her his last,
His children now weep on her tomb.

LINES ON KIND WORDS.

The charms of kind words, false or true,
In darksome doubt are often lost,
And though the genuine gleam anew—
Like stars by many a stray cloud crossed—
The false are merely promised joy,
A dazzling spell that heralds care,
A transient gleam in fancy's sky,
A flash whose end is black despair.

Oh! give me spring, 'tis clad in flowers,
And blessed with richest melody,
Then joys are scattered from the hours
As in their radiance passing by,
And where the Fallow's streamlet flows
The majesty of beauty reigns,
For there joy glistens on the rose,
And sweets perfume the birdling strains.

When eve is sobering into night,
And western skies their charms unfold,
There walks within their purple light
Joy clad in roses trimmed with gold;
And when the evening hour appears,
And stars unnumbered glow above,
In lucid glory roll the spheres,
Like gladdened eyes in looks of love.

The potent spells of eloquence,
With all their blandishments and powers,
Can not such joys to woes dispense
As glowing stars, and blushing flowers,
When Nature in blooming pride
And all beauty is unfurled,
There seems to fancy opened wide
The pearl-gates of a better world.

A world where neither sorrow's gloom
Nor darksome death obscures its clime,
But love is there in endless bloom,
With joys eternal and sublime;
To find them search not land nor ocean,
They are too pure to mix with dross,
The love of Christ leads to devotion,
Where they are glistening on the cross.

THE FLOWERS AND THE FLORIST.

When devastation wild and vast
Was o'er rich Eden hurled,
Sweet flowers from that bright place were cast,
And scattered o'er the world.
To gather them the florist hath
In various climates been,
Climes big with winter's wildest wreath,
Climes hot, and climes serene.

In deserts he hath gathered some,
And some in fertile bowers,
Made with his blushing wealth his home
A paradise of flowers.
Owning the flowers of every clime
Where man has dared to roam,
He through the summer's sunny time
Dwells in a field of bloom.

He trims the flowers and tills the soil,
Is blessed at his employ;
Rich fragrance sweetens all his toil,
And beauty gives him joy.
Whilst cultured not, but growing wild,
No gaudy lines had they,
Their tints were sweet, yet chaste and mild
As modesty's soft array.

Now each the florist's aid receives,
Enlivened by his arts,
The light of beauty from its leaves
In dazzling grandeur darts;
When sunbeams, gleaming from the sky,
His splendid flowers delight,
They sparkle like fair woman's eye
When flashing with delight.

None see their splendid beauty's pride
When love has not exiled,
But in its charms beholds his bride,
His sweetheart, and his child.
None sees their grandeur bright and fair
Flash in the sunny rays,
But see what Eden's glories were—
A type of Heaven surveys.

GARIBALDI TO A SICILIAN.

How haggard and fatigued thou art;
A sight of thee would wound the heart
Of him who does not cause a part
Of thy sad grief;
Long hast thou felt oppression's smart
Without relief.

Nor ever wilt thou comfort find,
Until determined in thy mind
To make those manacles that bind
In pieces fly;
And overturn thy foes unkind,
Or struggling die.

If e'er thy chains be from thee riven,
Thy cruel foes far from thee driven,
Thou must not strive as thou hast striven,
But strike the foe;
And strike as if the bolt of heaven
Were in the blow.

To cringe to tyranny betrays
A coward spirit, mean and base;
But patriots bold a part embrace
Which is sublime;
In which their names will live and grace
The course of time.

For freedom, then, strain all thy might;
'Tis to the soul a rich delight,
A rose delicious, fair, and bright,
In sun or shower;
A blessing from above, a right,
Life's noblest flower.

Then for it why not strive amain?
Come on with me across the plain,
And there the hallowed right regain
With deeds of glory;
Or fall amongst the valliant slain,
Fame beaming o'er thee.

Thou may'st not wish a warrior's wreath,
Yet surely one of Roman birth
Would sooner ply in sanguine death
A fatal spear,
Than be by tyrants bent beneath
Their yoke severe.

Then rouse to arms, be firmly brave;
Ne'er from a tyrant freedom crave,
Nor live an ignominious slave
In bitter pains;
But sooner feed a warrior's grave
Than breathe in chains.

Did Nature unto man decree
That he should live in slavery,
And bear the scourge of tyranny,
And only sigh?
Ah, no! she bade him to be free,
Or bravely die.

THE LOOK VARIED.

There is a look which speaks more plain
Than words can tell of mental pain—
Than tongue in loudest tones can speak,
Of grief, more keen than dews the cheek.
And there's a look of hatred born,
Offspring of malice, rage, and scorn,
Where'er it lowers its gloomy fall
All hope and mercy seem to pall.
There is a look of deeper gloom,
More darksome than the sombre tomb—
Too horrid, fierce, and terrible,
For hope and mercy near to dwell!
Where tyrant souls are doomed to lie
In the severest agony—
Where countless years must pass in pain,
And countless ages still remain;
Where fell despair fills every nook:
'Tis hell sends forth this dreadful look.

But there's a look which friends bestow,
Just as their friends meet bliss or woe;
A look of sympathy serene—
Of pity—or of sorrow keen.
And there's a look bursts from the heart,
Speaking most plain when lovers part;
Then, when the wistful look they cast,
They look as though they looked their last.
But there's a look most purely sweet,
When lovers true by chance do meet,
Especially in company,
Shown only in the oblique eye.
And there's a look—a look serene—
In Christian eyes alone 'tis seen;
'Tis the reflection faith hath given
Of the approving look of Heaven.

THE THORNLESS ROSE.

As Henry and beautiful Hannah one day
Were reclined in the shade of a tree,
At the time of the year when with musical lay
The bird sings his amours with glee,

He proposed they lonely should flee to some place,
Where they could in secret be wed;
At which, with a blush overspreading her face,
In silence she hung down her head.

Then on her fair bosom he placed a sweet rose,
But stripped it the first of each thorn,
And bade it to lie on that couch of repose,
And the seat of virtue adorn.

In the rose's fair cup shone a drop of clear dew;
Her eyes caught the glittering pearl;
At which a few moments her bloom away flew,
And tears from her brilliant orbs fell.

"It seems as it weeps," the fair damsel then cried,
"Oh! heartrending thought unto me;
For its thorny protectors so ruthless destroyed,
And its distant mother the tree.

Thus placed on my breast, where away it doth pine,
To please a few moments the eye;
Alas! lovelorn maiden, the rose's case is thine—
To please—then to languish and die.

By smiles and entreaties persuaded away
From parents, relations, and friends,
To gratify man, then in sorrow decay;
And o'er me such ruin impends."

"No," Henry then cried, "for I vow and protest
I love thee—I'll make thee my wife;
And love's thornless rose I will plant in thy breast,
And there it shall flourish through life.

Nay! order shall back into chaos be hurled—
Oh! witness ye powers above—
And clashing confusion shall seize every world,
If e'er I prove false to my love."

WOMAN.

Woman is the source of man's bliss and woe.

Woman! 'tis true, as light gilds day,
Thou'rt made of good and evil;
Thy charms an angel do display—
Thy tongue bespeaks a devil.

Thy noisome tongue makes man to flee,
  Thy charms him back are wooing;
But all thy charms can do for thee
  Thy tongue is still undoing.

When scolds thy tongue poor man the while
  Is in Tartarus driven;
When hushed, and thou display'st a smile,
  His hell is changed to heaven.

In short, such bliss thou dost contain,
  And something so distressing,
As gives to man the greatest pain,
  And eke the greatest blessing.

TO MARY.

> But love sometimes has wings, and flies away;
> And that bright hope, the bosom's summer ray,
> Is wrapt in everlasting night.

Ah! Mary, canst thou say farewell!
And me to say it too compel?
The threatening storm marked on thy brow,
If it must come, oh! vent it now!
Ah, no! the farewell word forbid,
And prove a smile for me lies hid
That dark menacing look behind,
To ease, ere long, my troubled mind.

I've felt a bliss, from me now riven,
Which seemed a moment's taste of heaven;
'Twas gleaned from sweet expressions—sweet
As angels' tones when saints they meet;
And from thee those expressions came,
Decked with a smile, mild as the beam
Sol sheds in May; with blushes joined,
They flowed at once from eye to mind.

Then who could think a girl so fair,
So mild, whose words flowed like the air
Of sweetest music, poured mine ear
To please—the tone, my breast to tear,
Would change! would a vile stranger's tongue
Believe, plied but to do me wrong;
Which spoke of me unfair, unkind,
To extirpate my peace of mind?

Wrong, did I say? Yes, wrong indeed!
A wrong which makes my heart to bleed;
A wrong, far as its influence droop
The flowers of joys, the buds of hope;
A wrong which my affection tore,
Stabbing my heart to its inmost core—
Nay, all but conscience, and what bind
Thy lovely image in my mind;

And my affection! that the fell
Fiend can ne'er harm, though he as hell
On mischief is as fully bent,
To rob the virtuous of content,
Love's genuine source and friendship's ties
To ruin by infernal lies!
And this base monster thou'rt inclined
To credit! How this racks my mind!

If thou wilt credit him, the love
(When we met in the garden grove)
Thou showed for me was merely feigned
To gain affection, and, when gained,
Cast off—just as the snake beguiles
A bird to death, thy syren wiles
First lured the heart thou'rt now inclined
To tear, to please a stranger's mind.

Sweetly we've met, sure not our last;
If so, canst tearless view the past?
Tearless behold those bygone days
When mutual love adorned our plays?
When, if grief rose in either breast,
The other soothed the pang to rest;
Then, when no stranger, ill designed,
Could poison live in thy fair mind?

Those days have been; then joy was known
By me; but grief's dark clouds were thrown
Across the sunshine of my breast
Full soon, caused by fell lies expressed
To thee, sweet girl! My bosom's core
Bids me to love, almost adore,
Bids me entreat thee to be kind
To him who lives but thee in mind.

Wilt thou be kind? Thy yes or no
Is fraught with lasting bliss or woe
To me, thy no's the passing bell
For all my peace; a last farewell
To all my hopes; Life's flowers, with blight,
Will wither, vanish from man's sight;
My heart, then forced all hope to leave,
Its frame will find an early grave.

SONNET.

Luna! thy palid beam has seen——ah! what!
In pain 'tis written on my woe-worn heart!
Remembrance reads it there, for time has not
A single word expunged; no, keen's the smart
As ever, though 'tis many a rolling year
Since it was writ—but hold! I must forbear;

The cause—I'm poor:—this must suffice—the rest
In secrecy is sealed for aye! my breast
It would not ease, if told—'twould but employ
Men's tongues; some moved by pity—more would joy
To treat my grief with scorn, and mock my woe.
But this shall never be; for ne'er unfurled
Shall be the cause; but to my grave I'll go,
Unmocked, unscorned, unpitied by the world.

ON SEEING A DAISY IN A STORM.

In September, 1827.

Daisy, amidst the howling storm
Thou smil'st; unhurt thy beauteous form
Remains, the barren wild to deck!
Of Flora's tribe thou art a wreck
Preserved, or seem'st to be, the gloom
To cheer, that darkens Nature's tomb.
But, ah! the storm is too severe,
For thee, fair flower, long to bear;
Come, I will shield thee in my breast
From the keen blast; there thou shalt rest.
Ah, no! thou in thy native bed
Shalt stay; though all that's wild and dread
In storms howls in this blast; yet it
May cease, as far as seasons flit
Away, ere long; thee living leave,
To bloom on vegetation's grave,
To bloom beneath a cloudless sky;
But in my bosom thou wouldst die.
So woman's nature home bedecks,
Even when wild Nature's ills perplex,
If in her soul there grows the flower
Of virtue, and her heart its bower,

Curtains for Christian grace, her eye
Bends to the law of modesty.
Her mind's not lured by wealth or power;
And if in poverty's dark hour,
She's—as the Iris, which doth come
On clouds—a beauty fixed in gloom!
But should she yield to vice, her home
No more she'd grace! as fades the bloom
Of flowerets cropped, her charms would die—
Disgrace fill every vacancy.
Reputation soiled, like the snow
When tarnished, ne'er again can know
Its native purity; the stain,
In spite of art, will still remain.
So man in poverty will smile
When at his home; if an exile,
Will grieve in wealth; thoughts of his friends
And relatives his bosom rends.
They oft employ his mental powers,
They are, in fancy's garden, flowers
Which his strong memory tends, his tears
Water, affection's sun-ray cheers;
Flowers dear to him, yet smells impart
That breed a gangrene in his heart.
Yes, dear to him—but where are they
When reason reigns? Beyond the sea?
On this he ponders, until thought
Is well nigh into frenzy wrought.
To them he longs to go, but where
Is hope? Destroyed by fell despair!
He thinks on what he is—has been;
His breast then heaves with anguish keen,
He chides his weakness, well he knows
Grief's vain; but still no firmer grows.

Though vain our grief, we to renew
Are apt; he thinks again, and true
To the impulse such sad grief appears
As cannot be dissolved in tears.
But if at hôme, he with his friends,
Acquaintances, and kindred blends,
His smiles delight them, and his tears
Have influence magnet-like on theirs.
Home's truly sweet—there's nothing sweeter;
'Tis holy joy, of Heaven a feature,
Reflected from the vaulted skies,
Or remnant saved of paradise!
There man, or weal or woe possessing,
Can meet at least affection's blessing;
Can smiling brave, daisy! like thee,
The storm of stern adversity.

THE CLOSED EYE.

Just when the sun in rosy car
  Has from our clime serenely flown,
'Tis sweet to see the evening star
  Then twinkling on its azure throne.

Upon a summer's sunny morn,
  'Tis sweet, yes, truly sweet, to view,
Like glittering gems upon the thorn,
  The sparkling drops of crystal dew.

'Tis sweet to fix admiring gaze
  Upon a splendid diadem,
When kissed by Sol's refulgent rays,
  And bright reflection gilds each gem.

But what of beauty have the whole,
Compared with Hannah's eye, to boast?
Why, all that mirror of the soul
Is now, alas! for ever closed.
I saw it but a short hour's while
Ere it was closed, more bright than they;
'Twas consecrated with a smile,
A modest blush did round it play.

Then, who'd have thought, when it so teemed
With beauty, smiling sweet as heaven:
(Deem this not impious, so it seemed
When last to me its look was given.)

That 'twould so soon be dimmed for aye!
So soon this awful change be wrought;
Life snatched in blooming health away;
None surely could have borne the thought.

How frail is man, think, mortals, think;
The soul that gilds the brightest eye
May the next moment burst earth's link,
And wing into eternity.

STANZAS TO ———.

There is a pang which lovers feel,
A wild emotion of the heart,
Which they sometimes perforce conceal,
When from each other doomed to part.

This I have felt—I feel it still;
Nor can the rage of anguish quell,
As fevered first I burn—then chill,
When I think on that word farewell!

I wish—but ah ! to wish how vain!
My fate is sealed—must ne'er be broke,
And on my heart is writ in pain,
A language which can ne'er be spoke.

Yes sealed—we're parted—thou hast crossed
The bosom of the billowy sea,
And to my sight for ever lost
The dearest thing in life to me.

Though stationed on a foreign strand,
Sure, there's a needle in thy breast
Which points towards thy native land,
The magnet—he who loves thee best.

How oft beneath yon willow tree
We've met, but never must again;
There in a tone so sweet to me
Thou talk'st as music's sweetest strain.

But ah ! that tone now sounds no more
Like melody unto mine ear;
It dies on yonder distant shore,
No wind can bear the cadence here.

When last we met, at my approach
Thy smile was like a star whose light,
Whilst gilding gloom, dark clouds enroach,
And wrapt it in the depth of night.

It gilded that sad brow of thine
And when we parted 'twas withdrawn,
Within another land to shine,
But in thine own no more to dawn.

Oh God ! what were my feelings then ?
Alas ! just Heaven, what are they now ?
Cease trembling hand to shake the pen !
Oh, cease to burn care-furrowed brow !

'Twas done, alas! fate's stone was cast,
And had in pieces dashed hope's spell,
Which drew in sadness forth, at last,
The long protracted word—farewell!

THE POOR MAN'S COMPLAINT.

Is poverty a crime? if not,
Why such keen woes the poor man's lot?
Why is he doomed to undergo
Afflictions rich men never know?
Why doomed to see his family
With wildest hunger torn,
Toil how he may the live-long day?
How hardly this is borne!
Rich men have cares—they're Nature's cares;
A portion here the poor man bears,
With many a latent ill beside
He is not able to avoid.
'Tis his to bear the haughty sneer—
Nor dare so much as speak
If splendid power protects the lower
Which clouds the impious cheek.
Is this dread difference from above?
Is partial our Creator's love?
No! as a proof, the sun's bright glow
Is shed alike on high and low;
Alike to all, both great and small,
Fair Spring unfolds her bloom;
Alike they die in agony;
Alike waste in the tomb.

TO THE REDBREAST.

Sing, redbreast, sing, for though thy lay
Is heard unheeded by the gay,
Within me it awakes a tone,
A voice which speaks of days bygone.
Happy days! Then sweet music stole
With strains symphonious o'er my soul.
Hope dwelt there then; and where hope dwells
There is a voice, melodious, tells,
In pleasing tone, how the drear breast
With future sunshine shall be blest.
Now broke's the charm: no sound is there
But howlings bellowed by despair,
That tempest of the soul whose wind
Spreads ruin o'er the heart and mind.
Thou sang Redbreast, as thou sings now,
Perched on that waving willow bough,
When I the fair, the truly sweet,
The blue-eyed Mary, last did meet;
Thy song was then the passing bell
Of joy and hope—the word farewell
Of her to me—but now it bears
My mind to things in vanished years.
Here can I smile as on the past—
Through memory's telescope—I cast
A retrospective eye, I seem
On Mary's cheek smiles placid beam
To view. To answer not would be
A deed of conscious cruelty.
Yet, though I smile, I am not blest;
No! pangs convulsive tear my breast;
My breast is but of hope the tomb;
My smiles resembling flowers that bloom

On burial ground; without they wreath,
Within all's dreary dark with death!
How oft those pliant boughs among
Thou'st charmed me with thy simple song,
Whilst I on Mary waited here,
That I could to the house of prayer
Accompany the purely mild,
The saint in action, virtue's child.
Soon as the church we entered, she,
With serious air and bended knee,
Devoutly prayed, then took her seat,
And sat attentively sedate
To hear the gospel sound—that soft
Toned music never heard too oft;
Music to earth the sweetest given,
The melody that blends with heaven.
Nor did she hear the sound in vain,
The gospel's sweetly cheering strain
Gave an impression which did bless,
If possible, her loveliness
With lovelier glow, and her bright eye,
Sparkled with immortality.
But where is she who thus excelled
The comliest thing I e'er beheld?—
Though many maids I've seen that seemed
As if with beauty's wealth they teemed—
But what compared to her were they?
No more than night compared to day!
Her beauty to my fancy seems
Excelling their's much as the beams
Of noonday sun, refulgent bright,
Are brighter than the starry light!
But where is she? Why madly ask?
Beyond the sea, and grief's my task!

Yet surely though her destiny
Hath stationed her so far from me—
As veers the needle to the pole—
From every other thing her soul,
When touched by recollection, turns
And points alone at him who mourns.
But, Redbreast! since she breathed adieu,
It has been thine to leave me too,
But thou, too faithful to remain,
Returned to soothe woe's child again.
Is she less faithful? No, I'm poor,
Through which I ne'er must see her more!
Oh, this is hard! it wrings my soul
With grief defying all control:
Though Reason whispers grief is vain,
She lessens not my heaving pain.
That sorrow longest will endure
Where there's no hope to point a cure.
Remembrance many sorrows brings,
Yet should the world my trouble know,
'Twould treat with mockery my woe;
And it would grieve her if she knew
That I was mocked, and sadly too;
And unto her, on wings of scorn,
Would the intelligence be borne;
And I'd not injure thee, fair Rose—
Whose absence loadeth me with woes—
For empires. No! My anguish may
Convulse, but ne'er shall burst to day.
I'll fly into the giddy crowd,
And grief with seeming gayness shroud;
Be jested with, return the jest
As if no anguish tore my breast.

Oh, God! can Nature's throes be hidden;
Woe without symptoms be abidden?
The heavy heart leap as if blithe?
No! pride may act, but grief will writhe.

SIR RONALD AND HIS SERVANT MAID.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Sir Roland was a heartless rake,
And many a female's love he sought;
But when their easy love he'd caught,
He spurned them as you would a snake.

Poor Helen Brown, his servant maid,
Was one of those unlucky things;
When love's pretence like true love sings
How constant is attention paid!

She heard, believed his flattering tale;
Thought each iota stamped with truth.
How could she think from such a youth
His solemn promise e'er could fail?

In fancy she was Roland's wife—
Sweet fancy! yet soon from her mind
'Twas fiercely forced by that rude wind
Which tears the soul till loathed is life.

For she he wooed to fond embrace
Was shortly from his presence spurned;
Nay, soiled with shame, by frowns he turned
His hapless servant from her place.

Where went she then? Unknown was this;
By reckless Roland heeded not;
Another task he now had got;
By wealth induced to call her his.

His eye had caught a lady fair,
  Adorned with many a costly gem,
  Which, when the sun-rays shone on them,
Made her a rainbow's like appear;

Or like a rose whose wealthy hue
  Is decked in dew-drops sparkling bright;
  Or like the beauteous form of night
When's gilt with stars the vaulted blue.

Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips,
  Her truly fragrant breath perfumed,
  And that bright eye her soul illum'd,
This borrowed lustre did eclipse.

Till, when in bed one stormy night,
  A faint light shone the curtains through,
  On which he rose to feast his view—
And who but Helen held the light.

He eyed this with intense remark;
  Then turned his head to heave guilt's sigh,
  But scarcely had withdrawn his eye
Ere, as the grave, the room was dark.

'Twas shocking this—yet there was dread
  Which to his soul more deeply went;
  'Twas what he breathed, 't had such a scent
As haunts the dark vaults of the dead.

Now could he sleep? Ah, yes! he slept,
  But not without a troubled dream;
  He thought he saw hell's rushing flame,
There myriads who unheeded wept:

The king who had his country wronged—
  The ministers who counselled him;
  Conniving statesmen, looking grim,
T- -nguish there together thronged:

The general who had basely sold
His army to a foreign foe,
In never-ending floods of woe
With them in fiery torments rolled:

The lawyer who his voice had raised
Dread crimes to hide—make innocence
Like guilt to seem, with impudence,
From fiery anguish on him gazed.

And e'en the priest, whose saint-like tongue
Had bade his followers cleave to prayer,
But cleaved himself to worldly care,
Was suffering there for earthly wrong:

The gamester, spendthrift, tradesman knave,
Extortioner, base limbs of law,
And petty hypocrites he saw
Writhing in hell's hot boiling wave:

The dark assassin, hardened thief,
Seducer, and the infidel,
He saw, but deeper sunk in hell;
Theirs were of all dread crimes the chief:

Yes! the seducer—here he sighed,
Or in his vision seemed to sigh;
Attempted from the scene a flight,
But not a single step could stride;

A serpent huge that instant hissed,
Crawled from the flame and round him clung;
His visage licked with sulphurous tongue,
And then his perjured lips it kissed.

Then Satan crawled o'er hell's hot brim,
A toad in form, large whale in size;
And, in dread glee, two millstone eyes
He firmly fastened them on him.

He started now with fright, awoke,
  Fierce horror darted from his eye;
  Leaped from his bed in agony!
His servants' midnight slumbers broke.

The rain poured down amazing fast,
  The storm-wind hurled the hall around;
  As Chaos, with his frightful sound,
Were roaring in the troubled blast:

And lightning flashed as each bright world
  An instant, jointly, lent its light,
  Then ceased, and left the deepest night
That ever was in darkness furled.

And thunder roared with such a peal—
  Nay, had yon gilded firmament
  Been into countless shivers rent
'Twould not have been more terrible.

He waits not now, but off he goes
  In search of Helen Brown; but where?
  Alas! not far! He found her near—
At least he found her stiffened corpse:

It reared against his lodge's gate,
  Where, while despair her bosom wrung,
  Ah, desperate deed! herself she'd hung,
And strangulation sealed her fate.

Despised by him, beloved by none;
  E'en shunned—for all on whom she'd claim
  Had shunned her through her growing shame:
This caused the desperate action done.

He found her here, unhurt with fears—
  Ah, no! this dreadful sight to view,
  A settled cloud of frenzy threw
Across his sun of future years.

Thenceforth a maniac on her tomb
He sat, his troubled dream reciting,
Or her pale ghost to him inviting,
When stormy nights were big with gloom.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Though winds above thee loudly roar,
Thou springest forth, pale fleeting flower:
Welcome, thou earliest child of Spring!
Thou'rt come to bid the lark take wing,
And soaring call, in matin song,
The tuneful of the feathered throng
To Nature's concert, that each wood
May echo with their gratitude,
In carol breathed for Spring's return,
Whose absence long they've had to mourn.
When thou up forth the last year sprung,
Amongst thy visitors the young
And fair appeared, and sparkling joy
Danced like a star in every eye,
And as on thee they stole a look
Their glossy ringlets gently shook
Above fair cheeks, where health the while
Glowed rose-like 'neath a hallowing smile.
Again to see thee have they come—
Not all—a part sleep in the tomb—
But others in their stead are seen,
That no great difference marks the scene:
Near all that visit now were here,
Thy gayest visitors last year;
But lo! how many of them are
Indeed much changed! The touch of care
Has paled the cheek, and filled the eye
With scalding tears of misery.

Though whilst within another's sight
Pride paints each face in feigned delight,
Yet from the aching breast oft rise—
Do all they can—half-smothered sighs.
Still there are some, but few are they,
Who flit about in joy's sun-ray
From scene to scene, as in the hour
Of summer flits from flower to flower
The butterfly: poor thoughtless worms!
They little think how soon the storms
Of fortune rudely may o'erwhelm
Their fleeting happiness and them.
When this occurs—occur it will,
And soon—what fruitless tears they'll spill!
Repenting then that like the thing
Which flies about on gaudy wing
In summer sun, they've passed the flowers
Of precious time, when to no showers
Of sorrowing sin the soul gave vent,
Hindering their gathering sweets, whose scent
Is truly pleasing unto Him
Who crowns with bliss the seraphim.
But as 'gainst winter toils the bee,
They'd labour for eternity
Should chance return—but this, alas!
Can never be; 'tis past: the glass
Of joy has run, and sorrow's cloud
Their future being will enshroud.
Yet now and then a moment's gleam
Of flattering light from the sunbeam
Of happiness, the cloud of care
May pierce, and shine away despair.
Yes, thou art come to bid the lark
(Soon as drowsy night with his dark

O'er shadowy pinions from us flies,
Leaving like fire the eastern skies),
Soaring to sing till melody
Shall echo sweet from tree to tree,
And rouse to song the feathered choir,
Who seem the lambkins to inspire
With sportive mood, till on the plain
They dance to Nature's hallowed strain,
Amidst the budding gladdened bowers,
Graced with ten thousand new-sprung flowers,
With sun-gilt dew bedecking them,
Like jewels in a diadem;
Such sweetness teeming from the whole
As is a luxury to the soul.
The birds may sing at early morn,
And echo back the strain return;
The lambkins dance in sportive mood
To the wild music of the wood.
Still there's no charm pervading these
To those oppressed by fell disease;
Or those whom galling perjury
Has plunged into despondency;
Or those whom earthly hope hath fled,
Whose thoughts but ponder o'er the dead;
Or see with only fancy's eye
Imagined inmates of the sky,
Surveying there some pleasing thing
Which deadens all the charms of Spring.
They charm not now—they only bear
The mind to pleasures past, and tear
The soul with wildest agony,
To think what's been no more can be!
No, these charm not; nor can ought near
Or far delight the spirit here;

She, like the dove of the Deluge,
Can find no rest; her sole refuge
Religion's ark! there she must flee,
Till ebbing Nature sets her free;
Then she, an angel, happy, blest,
May fly to God and be at rest.

SONNET.

Rest, Infant, rest! Eternal peace is thine!
How different is thy state, sweet babe, to mine!
'Tis thine to share the peerless sweets of Heaven—
'Tis mine to drink earth's gall! My bosom's riven
By slander fell, and from a kindred tongue.
Oh, that like thee I'd died when I was young!
No kinsman then would, in a kinsman's name,
Have poured on me his malice, to defame,
Denied the truth, my character despoiled,
The ruin viewed complete, exulting smiled,
As mine has done. How could he do't? Mere whim?
Ah, no! Indeed, there's nought too base for him!—
And can it pass him? No; the slander fell
Must of his conscience make a living hell.

AN ADDRESS,

ON BEHALF OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THE GRAND ORDER OF MODERN DRUIDS, APRIL 14TH, 1846.

The Druids whom the ancients knew
The course of virtue ran;
On life domestic glory threw;
Were blessed when blessing man.

This deed the Modern Druids praise,
They love philanthropy,
And consecrate it with the rays
Of Christian piety.

Oh, blessed religion! thing divine!
What glories garnish thee!
On thy fair features brightly shine
Faith, hope, and charity.

If wanting thee, distress severe
The soul can never shun;
Her universe is bleak and drear—
A world without a sun.

The widow's and the orphan's grief
The Druids see with pain,
Have hither come to give relief,
To yield it strive amain.

Who can the helpless widow see,
The orphan child survey,
Behold them writhe in misery,
Nor strive their pangs to stay?

If with us such a wretch there is,
Soon may he be exiled;
He never ought to taste the bliss
That flows from wife or child.

He is no Druid in his heart,
Too selfish, mean, and fell;
Remove the wretch from man apart,
With savage brutes to dwell.

The wild rage of the bosom's throe
The Druids joy to quell,
Rejoice to stem the stream that woe
Draws from the heart's deep well.

'Tis theirs the widow to console,
To wipe each orphan's eye,
Cause each young orb again to roll
In gleams of laughing joy.

These, verily, are deeds of love,
Are blessings rich and rare,
Are leaves of joy which virtue's dove
Bears to the ark of care.

Oh, brothers, may you ne'er suspend
Such blessings, but still bless!
E'en now the widowed one befriend,
Befriend the fatherless!

Oh! give them alms as He on high
The means to you hath given;
When you abound in charity
You win the smiles of Heaven!

ROYTON SUMMER HOUSE.

Now thou, dear summer house, art gone!
Thou art entirely swept away;
Nor left behind a single stone
To mark thy grand antiquity.

How often, when a little boy
And I had strayed too far from home,
On thee I've cast my wandering eye,
To be the pilot to my dome!

And often in those guiltless days,
With inoffensive sport and glee,
With other boys in rural plays,
I've gambolled in and out of thee.

Or climbed thy top (to steal the nest
The jackdaw built) with childish fear;
Then, with our prey and all hearts blest,
Did homewards rapidly repair.

But soon those honeyed moments flew;
With sorrow soon was I oppressed:
The clouds of trouble time soon threw
Across the sunshine of my breast.

For when to man's estate I grew,
With Hannah folded in my arms,
To thy retreat I often drew,
Intently gazing on her charms.

But death one night nipped my fair flower,
And chilled her heart, and sealed her eyes;
She fell, and ah! my peace that hour
Fell, like her, never more to rise.

And oft since then, alone (when sleep
Hath wrapped the bustler in repose),
To thee I've gone, her loss to weep,
And soothe with tears my bitter woes.

But thou art gone now, after all;
No more I see thy battered state:
Thou hast obeyed destruction's call,
And so must I—not long the date.

THE AMERICAN JIG.

(A TRUE STORY.)

Tune: "Tom Bowling."

It was the second of September
That down in Jarrot Wood—
The time I always shall remember,
While e'er my memory's good—

That beaux and belles met to be jolly,
Like the gay sons of France,
And there displayed their pride and folly,
These gentry here did dance.

They thought of imitating Yankees,
Or Yankees to excel;
But more they imitated monkeys,
But hardly danced so well.

As this assembled host were dancing,
Some were in tune, some out;
Some were in stepping, some advancing,
And thus they stepped about.

They sung, but ah! as they were singing
Of mirth, of love, and wine,
Grim terror round each heart was clinging,
And pleasure did decline.

The darkening clouds were quickly flying,
Bright Sol they soon did hide,
And quashed the bliss they were enjoying,
And raised the scene of pride.

The rain in torrents then descended,
The thunder loudly roared,
And their rich banquet quickly ended,
As horror crowned the board.

Then peal on peal did roll the thunder,
The glistening lightning flew,
The beaux and belles made all to wonder,
So pale their faces grew.

The gallant host in vain dissembled,
Or strove to hide their fears;
The pouting gents with terror trembled,
And the proud belles shed tears.

Thus Jove, their arrogance controlling,
Flash after flash unfurled;
And with the thunder's awful rolling
Shook with their pride the world:

And made the host, who thus were training
In sport and jollity—
Who were with foolishness profaning
The sacred wood—to flee.

The light increased its vivid flashing,
And awful was each roll;
As if the heavens in twain were crashing,
And terror struck each soul!

Which set the flying host a calling
For mercy to their God;
But still the rain kept on them falling,
And still He shook His rod:

He showed to them their feeble powers,
And that a time should come
When their high heads, as well as ours,
Must lie within the tomb.

EPITAPHS.

ON ESTHER, THE WIFE OF WILLIAM TAYLOR, ROYTON, AND THEIR DAUGHTER, SARAH HANNAH.

She was discreetly gay, and in her prime
The beams of virtue shone upon her bloom;
She marked with diligence the course of time,
Till death's fell summons came and sealed her doom.

She left an infant dear—sweet pledge of love,
A fleeting solace for the wild woe given—
Too pure for earth, it soared to realms above,
There found its mother happy—blest in heaven.

ON JONATHAN STAFFORD, WHO WAS KILLED BY A FALL OF NEARLY 200 YARDS, AT BENT GRANGE COLLIERY, OCTOBER 3RD, 1849.

The frightful water gushed, and all beneath
Was horror deep, and danger big with depth;
Yet in this dire dilemma he had hope;
He swiftly fled and caught the trembling rope,
And climbed it far ere hope from him was driven;
His strong grip failed, then all was lost but heaven.

MY SISTER MARY.

E'en from her childhood to life's final close,
In virtue's track with pious care she trod;
And when 'twas hers to meet death's fatal throes,
She whispering said "All's well," then soared to God.

ON JOHN ASHWORTH.

He studied much, but not on things profane;
His thoughts in worship to his God were given:
And though to us his early death is pain,
'Tis joy to him—a Christian's death is heaven.

ON BETTY ROBINSON.

'Tis anguish deep to see death fiercely tear
A fond young mother from her infant dear;
Yet there's some comfort to the mourners given
When virtue practised points to her in heaven:
And she was good, the holy writ her guide;
She found the Saviour, and a Christian died.

ON EDMUND CROMPTON.

Although self-taught and poor, he ranked among
The learned in history, the sublime in song;
And the sciential few whose talents bright
Gleam with the rays of mathematic light.

THE MURDER OF CASS AND HIS WIFE.

(Composed Extempore, in Mr. D. Evans' Printing Office, Oldham.)

Dark was the night, and late the hour,
The rain in torrents down did pour,
The boisterous wind did hoarsely howl,
As if proclaiming murder foul;
When, as up rose from evening prayer,
To go to bed, an aged pair,
They heard a sudden rush—a din—
A midnight robber breaking in!
A man appeared, with aspect grim,
Which made them tremble every limb;
His countenance as terrible
As the most horrid look of hell!
Not long this bloody demon stood,
Ere he imbrued his hands with blood.
They called on Mercy—she was fled—
He seized the poker—clove each head!

Yet, ere their struggling spirits flew,
His arm he cross her shoulders threw—
Her head placed on his aged breast—
Then winged their souls to endless rest.
Cemented thus with clotted gore—
Defaced with wounds and covered o'er—
A sight, as shocking to behold,
As eye e'er saw, or tongue e'er told.
How hard the heart! how base the soul
That could commit a deed so foul!
'Tis done;—they've met their destined fate,
And thine, base fiend, 's of no long date;
For now they bear thee, monster fell,
In fetters bound, to thy drear cell.
Go meet it, then, thou worse than brute,
For thou art so without dispute:
No brute in nature can we find
Which in cold blood destroys its kind;
Nor is there in the pit of hell
A demon more unnatural.
Go, monster, then, and meet thy fate,
For thee the gallows doth await.
To it, base fiend, thou shalt be borne
With hisses, mockery, and scorn;
And when thou by the neck art hung,
Thou shalt be cursed by every tongue:
Yes, e'en the nearest of thy kin
Shall curse thee for so foul a sin.
When thou hast hung the destined time,
Demanded for so base a crime,
The doctors shall thy body have,
It never must pollute the grave;
For know, the ground is deemed too pure,
Thy sinful carcase to endure.

THE SLAVE.

THE BRAVE RIEGO'S ADDRESS TO A SPANIARD.

How meagre and fatigued thou art!
A sight of thee would wound the heart
Of him who does not cause a part
  Of thy sad grief;
Long hast thou felt oppression's smart
  Without relief!

Nor ever wilt thou comfort find
Until determined in thy mind
To make those manacles that bind
  In pieces fly;
And overturn thy foes unkind,
  Or, struggling, die!

Then rouse to arms! be firmly brave!
Nor longer for thy freedom crave,
Nor live an ignominious slave,
  In bitter pains;
But sooner die, or freedom have,
  Than breathe in chains!

Did nature e'er to man decree
That he should live in slavery,
And bear the scourge of tyranny,
  And only sigh?
Ah, no! she bade him to be free
  Or bravely die!

CRAZED CECILIA.

A luckless girl the other day
I saw, and bid her tell me why
Her comely form did so decay,
And her fair bosom heaved a sigh.

I asked her if false-hearted man
Had robbed her of her wonted joy,
And made her cheek so very wan,
And dimmed with tears her brilliant eye.

At which she heaved a sigh of pain—
A sigh denoting keen despair—
And gave a look which proved her brain
To be disordered much by care.

"My Willie's false!" at last she cried,
As stedfastly on me she gazed;
No more she said, but from me hied,
For ah! Cecilia, she was crazed!

AN EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone Ralph Taylor lies,
A youth of virtue and of peace:
If virtue wings beyond the skies,
His soul's in bliss that cannot cease.

AN EPITAPH.

A wise attorney now lies here;
He was unto his neighbours dear:
Dear he was, for much he cost 'em;
Glad they are now they have lost him.

THE SNOWDROP.

AN ACROSTIC.

Sweet messenger of true and pleasant news,
No flower I love to see so well as thee;
On Sol's refulgent beams ere long the dews
Will rise to fall, and quicken plant and tree:
Dead thou wilt be ere those sweet hours appear,—
Rude gloomy hours alone are dealt to thee!
O'er thy ill fate I shed a mournful tear,
Plainly in thine my own hard fate I see.

THE MAN AND HIS FLOWER.

Behold yon man within his bower,
How studiously he spends each hour,
Exerting all his mental power
Over a gem:
See how he eyes that little flower,
And cleans its stem!

What skilful ways this man doth find
To shield it from all airs unkind;
Nor can the North's keen cutting wind
Disturb its bloom:
Yet it full soon shall be consigned
Unto the tomb.

Behold it flourishes in bloom,
And widely spreads its rich perfume;
But mark, oh! mark its awful doom—
How soon it dies!
How soon it sinks unto its tomb,
No more to rise!

And thou, frail mortal, art no more
Than this poor weakly, tender flower;
Though screened from penury's blasting power,
Thou'lt meet death's gust;
And shortly, too, will come the hour
When die thou must.

TO MR. B———.

Friend, though I never learned to spell,
Although I cannot write so well,
And though my flying tatters tell
I'm poor and low:

Though I, apparently, am born
To bear the rich man's taunt and scorn,
Have often pillowed on the thorn
Of keenest woe:

Within me there is such a soul
As on the self-conceited fool—
The idiot polished up at school—
Casts pitying eyes.

'Tis not the school that forms the mind,
Though talent by it is refined;
'Tis genius with close study joined
That makes men wise.

Give me a ray of Nature's light
To view her beauteous code aright;
I'll ask no more—blest with the sight
Rich and sublime!

Contented, I will it enjoy,
Describe each scene of various dye,
Bid pedants all the wonders eye,
In uncouched rhyme.

This I must do: if man's possessed
Of genius, it can't be suppressed;
From the dark cavern of the breast
'Twill burst to day.

If in chill penury's desert placed,
The spot with excellence is graced,
And hallowed is the barren waste
By its bright ray.

THE HUMAN BRAIN.

In human brain there is a power
Which can describe near every flower,
And herb, and plant, grown in the field,
Forests produce, or gardens yield.

Or every bird that sweetly sings,
Or rides the air with flapping wings;
Can the animalcule world describe,
And nearly all the finny tribe.

Can tell the courses planets run,
How they revolve around the sun;
Tell how the sun's attractive rays
Compel the comet to retrace

Its course, when from him it has been
An age in distant parts unseen,
Beyond the orb of Saturn far,
A solitary wanderer!

Yes, thus it towers, and in each scene
Seems something more than mere terene;
And there's a something in this brain
Too often breaks from order's chain:

Then it with wildest madness raves,
Or rages like the dashing waves,
When with the tide a hurricane
Is joined, and swells the troubled main,

Till vessels on the billows rise
So high, they seem to touch the skies;
Then in a moment rudely cast
So low, the sea breaks o'er each mast.

Or like an earthquake, which the ground
With heaving tremour shakes around;
Spreads wild confusion, horror, death,
And buries cities in the earth!

Or, like Vesuvius' vivid stream,
Spreading its glowing wings of flame,
Rolling swiftly where mortals dwell,
With all the fiery pomp of hell;

Forcing full many off to roam—
To many more a fiery tomb;
Yet though in rage so terrible,
'Tis but a faint portrait of hell.

For hope these scenes of rage may brave,
But hell to hope's a certain grave:
And in this brain a sadness lies,
When it from its dark bed doth rise,

Gay cheerfulness disdains to stay,
And content wings with haste away,
At which the bosom heaves with sighs,
And, sorrowing, downward look the eyes;

And all around seems dark and dull,
The mind is pained, the heart is full;
Yet there's a balm for this dejection,
How to procure it a direction:

Religion's the direction given;
The balm is hope of rest in heaven.

ELEGY ON JOHN MILNE, ESQ., OF HIGH CROMPTON.

Yon fatal knell, alas! I hear again;
It now proclaims the death of one most dear—
"The man who oft allayed the pang of pain!"
The old and young exclaim, then shed a tear.

'Twas in yon cottage where the good man dwelt,
Where roses bloom on either side the door,
Where he in charity so freely dealt
His mite among the impoverished poor.

The aged beggar to his cottage drew,
Where he was sure to have his cravings given:
Philanthropy's the path (this Milne well knew)
That reaches from this earthly globe to heaven.

To men of vigour he gave good employ,
And for their labour gave sufficient wage,
That they, when young, might nature's wants supply,
And be prepared against the storms of age.

He had much wealth, yet looked not for a bow
From those in humbler circumstances born;
A smile was all he wanted from the low,
Unmixed with flattery, and unstained by scorn.

The pang of suffering virtue to assuage,
To ease the sorrow of the child of need,
To be a friendly stay to hoary age,
Console the widow, and her orphan feed,

Was Milne's task, which he performed, and well; quite
Free from ostentation, he ne'er did aim
At that which flatterers alone call right,
And monarch conscience never fails to blame.

Such refined feelings, such benevolence,
Such genuine love, such humbleness of mind,
Joined with true essence of munificence,
So equally dispensed to all mankind,

Show that bright sun which glows in Christians' hearts,
And cheers and blesses by its potent rays;
Then far beyond the fiery twinkler's darts,
Gilds with its brilliancy the throne of grace.

He's gone!—and where's the breast that heaves no sigh
At losing such a man?—his life too brief,
Its close a vacuum in philanthropy
Deep rent, but filled the cavity of grief.

Unlike the scene when a great hero dies,
Then a whole state in sable pomp is clad;
But read the bosom in the nation's eyes,
There's scarce a heart that is a moment sad.

THE SPECTRE OF CHAMBER HALL.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND.

'Twas Autumn, and the leaves were dry,
Touched with the wind, they seemed to sigh;
Night had its sombre screen unfurled,
And clad in sable garb the world:
Dark clouds obscured each twinkling light;
The drizzly rain began to fall,
When, at the gates of Chamber Hall,
A stranger, in a doleful strain,
Cried, "Cannot I admittance gain?
Must this drear night of darksome gloom
Seal my fate, near Sir Vallsun's dome?"
That moment he admittance gained,
And splendidly was entertained—

On richest viands he did fare—
True hospitality reigned there.
They asked not him his birth or name,
His title, or from whence he came;
They asked him naught:—he said, and sighed,
He'd lost his way—this satisfied.
How they could lodge the stranger best
They counselled; he could never rest,
They were convinced, in Vallsun's room,
For there the ghost was sure to come.
When the sad stranger this did hear,
Said he, to sleep in, should prefer
A place where he could sleep alone;
And since his eyes were drowsy grown,
And weariness his limbs oppressed,
He hoped ere long to go to rest.
This was enough—no more was said—
A servant lighted him to bed,
Then left him in reflection deep:
Soon meditation closed in sleep;
But sooner far his slumber broke—
A form he saw, when he awoke,
Standing near to his bedside, whose
Look spoke a heart deep stamped with woes.
"From whence?" the ghastly spectre cried;
The stranger answered not, but sighed,
And eyed the form—trembled each limb
As it viewed; a look as grim
As Death, or woe-worn bedlamite,
Sat on the features of the sprite,
The stranger thought, which made his heart
Heave high: Then he with haste did start
From bed in all the agony
Of fright, fixed a distorted eye

Upon the fancied ghost, and then
His trembling bosom heaved again.
The ghost perceiving how distressed
The stranger was, thus him addressed:—
"Be not afraid—start not with fear,
But listen to a child of care,
Whose breast is made a den of sorrow,
Nor hopes a better day to-morrow;
And something doleful whispering there,
Says 'thou art doomed to fell despair
For aye,' which makes my bosom swell,
And back within her narrow cell
My troubled soul to reel, whose pain
Is mocked; I meet world's disdain,
Deeming the sun's refulgent light
Too worthy for my worthless sight.
From yon dark cavern, dank and deep,
I've never strayed, save when in sleep
The world is lulled—then not to weep—
Ah, no!—for my dim eyes too sear
Are grown to shed a single tear:
I'm shunned as is the rattlesnake;
If I some person meet, to speak
To him, ere left, I have not time,
As if men shunned me for my crime:
Nay, stranger, fear not! why thus start?
I own that guilt has stained my heart;
It once with love's hot fever burned—
That fever to remorse is turned—
Remorse so torturing, so severe,
As once I thought I ne'er could bear;
Yes, I have loved—my love I slew,
This blood-stained sword proclaims it true."
Then from his scabbard it he drew,

And cried, the while he looked on the steel,
"This has caused all I felt and feel;
With this I pierced Clarissa's heart!
Stop, stranger, stop!—do not depart!—
Oh, stay! and let me tell to thee
The origin of my misery;
'Tis true, the deed is fell and dark,
Cain-like, my temples were a mark—
The blood-stained mark of guilt—a dye
Too foul, too impious for thine eye;
But bear it if thou canst, and hear
The tale, composed of guilt and care,
Which stole my peace, destroys my rest,
And makes a chaos of my breast.
I loved Clarissa—she loved me—
Sir Chaloe's daughter this did see;
And Helen, envying much our flame,
An impious slander did proclaim:
Declared Clarissa unto me
Behaved with great inconstancy.
The news I heard—'twas brought in scorn,
At which I felt what's rarely borne;
Yet all the tortures of my breast
My writhing lips perforce repressed.
Then off I flew the news to tell
The news to her I loved so well.
Though night had nearly closed the day,
What can retard a lover's way?
The Hellespont, so broad and deep,
True lovers can't asunder keep.
No; love would fierce hyenas brave,
Or face the ocean's rudest wave—
Would direful threatening dangers dare,
Which the hungry tigress would fear.

Yes, flew with greatest speed away;
When near her hall my dog did bay:
She heard the sound she'd wished for long—
She knew it—from her seat she sprung,
And placed a light beside the door.
Then flew the welcome word to pour.
She moved betwixt the light and me—
I saw her shade—then jealousy
My rival painted it to be;
In frenzy I at it a blow
Did aim—she moved—I laid her low—
Slew her I loved above the rest
Of womankind; since then my breast
Hath felt—but what, no tongue can tell,
But which conscience tells too well!
Oh, jealousy! oh, slander fell!
May thy base breather's soul the hell
Meet which I feel, and may her pain
Endure eternity's long reign.
I've courted death—have been denied—
Have often thought on suicide:
Yes, wished for death, and still I crave
The peaceful quiet of the grave!
Have prayed, but that was all in vain—
My trustful heart still beats in pain;
I've been absolved, but that did not
Th' ensanguined deed of murder blot;
How can a priest or prayer sublime
Efface the mark of such a crime,
Since memory will preserve the stain,
And wring each fibre of the brain—
Still pain the conscience—wound the soul—
And fill the breast with lasting dole?
I left the world, and in yon cave,
Which is as darksome as the grave,

The day I've spent—at night have come
To pour my sorrows in this room:
'Twas here the slander came to me,
And here, till death, my misery——
But hark! the chime of yonder bell!
My time's expired—so fare thee well!"
The stranger sprung—the man he caught
Whom he, disguised, so long had sought—
"Thy lover lives, she far has strayed
In search of thee," the stranger said,
"In man's attire, that she unknown
Might pass a world so naughty grown;
She dotes on thee—must ever dote
This is the breast thy dagger smote."
He viewed her with astonished eyes,
Stood motionless in deep surprise;
Come hither thought, nor silence break,
For thou, and thou alone canst speak
Of what they felt—words are too weak.
In short, the beauteous stranger proved
To be the girl he more than loved.
"The dead one lives, the lost is found!"
They cried, and echo the sweet sound
To each apartment bore; their eyes,
In tears, recalled departed joys.
Yes, through each room the news was spread,
And soon, which called from their soft bed
His parents kind—they swiftly flew
Their only child once more to view;
The mother, far too full to speak,
In silence gazed on his pale cheek;
The sire his heir and consort eyed,
Pronounced the welcome word, and sighed;
The son the lover's tribute paid—
Grief sneaked away—the ghost was laid,
Which wont so often to appal
The residents of Chamber Hall.

AN EPITAPH

ON EDMUND TAYLOR, YEOMAN, ROYTON.

Industry graced his sober life;
A friend was he and parent kind;
He lived opposed to pride and strife:
Possessed of faith, he died resigned.

AN EPITAPH

ON JOSEPH HOLDEN AND HIS WIFE JUDITH, OF HOLDENFOLD.

Reader, if thou pure virtue dost esteem,
Art grieved when its possessors die in bloom;
Upon this hallowed spot thy grief must teem,
For Holden and his wife rest in this tomb.

VILLAGE CRITICS.

"Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong;
Fools are my theme, let Satire be my song."
BYRON.

Some of my villagers have wit
They think, and laugh true wits to scorn;
But they are not possessed of it—
They are the greatest idiots born.

Their neighbour's life they feign to scan,
And if he's miserably poor
They call him a dishonest man,
And swear he's idle too, they're sure.

They're critics even to a hair,
And oft peruse the learned pages;
But here to speak they do not dare,
For fear they'd be no longer sages.

If a new author up doth rise,
To crush him they are all inclined!
To make their neighbours think them wise,
Call this line bad, and that purloined.

Then on a third they cast their eyes—
They pause, and each one racks his pate:
Some think it wrong, some otherwise,
Which causes what they call debate.

Then each one takes a second sight,
With nose so near, he seems to smell;
Then they contend with all their might,
And make a most discordant yell!

They yell, but echo soon returns
The braying nonsense back again;
And all their offerings reason spurns,
And cries, "You critics! no, nor men!

Though each possessed of human shape,
And in a crowd for man may pass,
If rightly scanned, is but an ape,
Or mongrel-mingled ape and ass."

ON HEARING A CHILD PRAY,

BELONGING TO JAMES HUSSEY.

Pray on, dear child! God loves to hear
The prayers of infancy;
Its voice, whilst praying, to his ear
Is sweetest melody!

God bless daddy, and mammy too,
Brothers, sisters, and me;
And as I should Lord make me do—
Good girls will angels be.

How simple! yet to piety,
To love and virtue dear;
It would be well, oh! man, from thee
To hear so sweet a prayer.

The blessing craved shall it not gain?
Oh! must its lisping tongue
Be plied in artless prayer in vain,
As if to pray were wrong?

No, no! the blessing cannot fail,
Asked for in fervent prayer:
"Prayers of the righteous much avail,"
And Hannah's are sincere.

They breathe the language of the heart
In pure, though feeble tone:
Unroused by sin or sorrow's smart,
They spring from love alone!

They're breathed in peace, and at a time
Life hath of Death no dread;
Unlike the prayer sent forth by crime,
Stretched on affliction's bed!

Unlike the prayer which sorrow pours
When blows the blighting wind,
Which nips hope's buds and joy's sweet flowers,
And desolates the mind.

Like this dear child must all men pray,
Or soon they'll sink in sin;
From peace sink into misery—
Remain for ever in!

Like Eden's two-edged sword is prayer,
Its flame is love that's pure;
Life's tree—the heart—requires it there,
Its virtues to secure.

WOMAN'S SMILE OF LOVE.

Dear woman's smile of love's so sweet,
So bland, so beauteous, so replete
With heart-twined interest, that when given
Her cheeks seem as reflecting heaven!
Though so delightful to the view,
Those who enjoy it not are few;
All have enjoyed its cheering gleam,
E'en in their cradles felt its beam.
As yon refulgent orb on high
Emits his cheering brilliancy
Alike upon the great and small,
So beam its pleasing rays on all.
Ah, no! from me that smile is gone
Which fondly on my cradle shone.
Had this been all I had to bear
I might have borne it, but the fair,
The lovely Ann's sweet smile is set;
Cease, sorrow, cease my cheeks to wet;
For its mild setting seemed to tell
How with her spirit all was well;
That noble spirit, whose bright flame
Gilt, angel-like, its mortal frame,
As the bright glow of lighted gas
Gilds its unsullied frame of glass.
Its setting, like the summer sun,
Who, when his daily task is done,
Drops calmly on his bed of roses,
And stars dance round while he reposes;
Its glorious setting—if a sign
When souls depart to scenes divine
To mortal eye be ever given—
Proclaimed that hers was bound for heaven!

ON SEEING THREE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL LADIES

At the laying of the first stone at the Bottom of the Moor Church.

What a posy! Richly arrayed
In all that's beauteous, is each maid;
One face speaks plain, "We know no guile;"
Another blushes, and a smile
Plays on the lovely tint; sweet sight,
The very essence of delight!
The rose of health the lily meets
Upon the third one's cheek, their sweets
They gently mingle and display
Tints richer than the tints of May.
But, ah! that animated posy,
Though now adorned with hues so rosy,
Ere long that withered thing must lie,
O'er which the feeling heave a sigh!
Yes, like three flowerets, one by one
They're sure to drop, till all are gone.
And haply she, whose beauteous bloom
Seems 'twould defy, an age, the tomb,
The first may meet death's withering touch;
And that fair form be but a couch
For worms. How shortly death will claim
What now seems angel in thought's dream!
And she whose lively laughing eye
Bespeaks long life the next may die.
Yon glorious orb which sinks in night
Will rise the wakeful world to light,
Yet unto her may darkly rise;
Death may, ere then, have closed her eyes!
The last and feeblest, before long,
Impelled by pious thought that song,*

* The 104th Psalm, sung on the occasion.

In feeble tone, may often crave,
To be sung near her early grave;
And scarcely have so craved, before
Her eyes close, ne'er to open more!
Oh! if that they would bear in mind,
How truly frail are all mankind;
And with the deeds of Christian duty
Consecrate their matchless beauty:
What they resemble now they'd be—
Three angels in eternity!

TO MISS ANN HARDMAN,

(One of Mr. Cudmore's pupils), on her being unduly censured by the editor of the *Manchester Advertiser*, for taking a part in the National Hymn with Miss Paton, at Mr. Hughes' benefit.

Dear villager!—ill-treated girl—
Though Envy undervalues thee,
The wise deem thee a genuine pearl,
Worthy when set for melody.

Thou hast no title, yet in song
Thy voice has with a lady's joined;
'Tis something this, an impious wrong,
How grating to the envious mind!

To thee a title means naught; Ann,
Thy voice, without its aid, will please;
Where Nature's wealth of music can
Attract an ear 'twill merit praise.

To please how can that voice ere miss?
Which, Fancy hearing, rapt might deem
An echoed strain from realms of bliss,
E'en till its silence marred the dream.

Oh! heed not envious rancerous yell;
To injure thee 'tis vainly given;
As well with noise might envious Hell
Attempt to drown the strains of Heaven.

Then mind not him who thought with lies
That well-earned fame he would enshroud,
Which, rainbow like, in beauteous dyes
Shines richly on detraction's cloud.

ON MARY.

The Wife of Mr. Jonathan Fielding, of Middleton.

The night was darksome as a tomb,
Yet many a heart of equal gloom
Heaved high in Mary's sick-bed room
When closed the year:
Than where hope has ceased to illume
Is aught more drear?

Save one base son, around her knelt
Her children all; for her they felt,
And sorely wept—Death in her dwelt—
Her eyes his throne;
Yet from her glazing eyes were spilt
Tears for her son.

If e'er a tear on earth was known
To make the glassy eye its throne
Which angels might not blush to own—
So meek and clear—
In pious parents' eyes bright shone
The trembling tear.

And she was pious—not in prayer
Of formal cast—her prayer sincere
Proved by her deeds to be most dear
To bounteous Heaven;
Her mite to soothe the child of care
Was freely given.

Disasters roused her grief—not rage—
Her serious thoughts were truly sage;
Her gayest war with sin would wage
In high and low:
Most happy when she could assuage
Another's woe.

She had a tongue which could console—
'Twas music to the woe-touched soul—
Called forth in hearts of deepest dole
Hope's noblest flower!
A flower whose sweets perfume the whole
Of life's last hour.

She strove to teach her wayward child,
But he by sin was so beguiled
He heeded not her counsels mild,
Nor e'en her prayer,
Till rambling with companions wild
In this night drear,

He thought on home, and darker far
Than night—though there was not a star—
His bosom grew; clouds gathered there
Which eclipsed joy;
His inward feelings all at war
Raged furiously.

The thought on counsels he had slighted,
The thought on that sweet floweret blighted
Which his first gleams of sense delighted
  Fevered his brain,
And all within his breast—benighted—
  Heaved high with pain.

Disordered thus he homeward sped,
And soon with theirs his tears were shed;
His mother on this looked, nought said—
  Too faint her breath—
But with her hand stroked down his head,
  Then sunk in death.

Thus she resigned her far-fetched breath;
Then her pure soul, wreathed in a wreath
Of Christian virtues, soared from earth
  To angels glorious,
Chanting these words, "O'er hell and death
  The saint's victorious."

LAFAYETTE'S ADDRESS TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Their compliance with his request, and its effect.

Though disjoined millions now complain,
  Unheeded is the tone:
Yet if from union burst that strain,
  'Twould shake corruption's throne.

Then rouse, wronged Frenchmen! rouse! unite!
  And have your wrongs redressed;
What could oppose a union's might
  Of millions sore oppressed?

If e'er a sound assails the ear
That chills life's crimson flood,
'Tis when industrious parents hear
Their children weep for food.

This you have heard, again must hear—
Nor cease till firmly joined;
For nought but union strength can tear
Those fetters loose that bind.

Was it for this your fathers bled,
That you oppressed should live?
The records of the mighty dead
Convincing answers give.

Though life too fast for freemen fleets,
'Tis irksome to a slave;
Then rise, and feast on freedom's sweets,
Or yield it with the brave.

These welcome words they heard—obeyed—
And with one mighty rush
Fell tyranny in ruins laid,
And blessings crowned its crush.

European tyrants looked on Gaul
With eye of sad dejection;
And trembling saw corruption's fall,
And freedom's resurrection.

That freedom they had lately slain,
And palled in slavery's gloom,
Rose beauteously to life again,
Like spring's ambrosial bloom.

Or like, at Nature's funeral toll,
Sepulchred clay shall rise;
Soar, reunited to its soul,
Above the melting skies!

Soar, clad in immortality,
To scenes ne'er seen by earth,
Waving the flag of victory,
In triumph over death.

For Europe's sufferers looked on this,
Not with dejected eye;
By envy roused, to gain its bliss,
Lo! many nations try.

Scarcely was freedom's form displayed,
Before, its sweets to gain,
The Belgians, with joined might, essayed,
And nobly struggled Spain.

Spread, noble struggles! to each pole;
Yea, far as land or wave,
Nor cease, while one dread chain is whole,
That binds a crimeless slave.

TO MR. AND MRS. BUCKLEY,

Of Rochdale.

Oh, Buckley! thou'st been kind to me;
Not only thou, but she who throws,
In all thy ills, felicity—
A soothing balm on others' woes.

Oh! that I could both her and thee
Reward; but, ah! this chills my veins;
The niggard hand of poverty
From inclination tears the means.

I'm grateful, Buckley, for that good,
Which cured affliction's painful smart;
But what, alas! is gratitude?
Only the feelings of the heart.

Though gratitude's sweet-scented rose
Blooms in my breast with wealthiest hue,
It would be madness to suppose
It could repay your merits due.

And yet my power to recompense
You knew ere your kind aid was given;
How noble such benevolence,
How like the bounty of high Heaven!

But blossoms it for thee alone,
And not for her as well as thee,
Whose tender heart is pity's crown,
Gemmed with the wealth of charity?

Yes, for you jointly blooms that flower
My memory's sun shall fondly cheer
While God shall shield me from the power
Of darksome death's o'ershadowing drear.

THE CHILDREN'S GRATITUDE

To their Benefactors and Benefactresses of the Church Sunday School, Rochdale.

Fortune's dark cloud life's morn o'erhung,
Chill blew her wintry wind,
Through which, in the soul's garden sprung
No flowers to grace the mind!

Till, as in spring, the sun prevails,
Unchecked by wintry gloom,
Calls flowerets forth to deck the dales,
The air fill with perfume.

You, in that spring of mind, the school,
Bade thought's sun cloudless rise;
Call forth those flowerets of the soul
Whose fragrance scents the skies.

Heedless we things of ignorance
Religion's shrine passed by,
Nor saw—till your benevolence
There gently drew the eye.

As falls at eve the vernal dew,
Your charity descends;
And as it proves to Nature true,
You prove yourselves our friends.

Oh! can such noble goodness e'er
Find in our breast a tomb?
No; gratitude's fair rose hath there
Unfolded lasting bloom.

A SONG FOR THE ODD-FELLOWS.

TUNE—"When Masonry expiring lay."

To soothe the ills of human life
Is earth a charm possessing?
A spell to calm the feuds of strife,
And yield a tranquil blessing?
Oh! if she is, disclose its name—
Pause not, but quickly tell us;
She is—and it with cheering flame
Warms inly the Odd-Fellows.

'Tis friendship, hope, faith, charity;
A glorious constellation!
Which shines from each dark breast away,
The clouds of perturbation;
It cheers the soul while stationed here,
Shows her a happier haven,
Which each pulsation brings more near—
That happier port is Heaven.

Yes; by our each pulsation nears
Our being's final ending;
Then let us be, till it appears,
Our fellow-men befriending;
That when each soul hath stripped its clay,
Each head on cold dust pillows,
With tears our neighbours may survey
The tombs of the Odd-Fellows.

EDWARD AND MARY.

As Mary on her bed lay dying,
Though torn with agony the while,
She eyed her babe beside her lying,
And tear-drops gilt affection's smile.

Her baby smiled, and, this to see,
Called forth the smile; thought roused her tears;
She thought on the dark destiny
Which overhung its future years.

Though smiled her babe, no glistening sorrow
Gilt the smile of infancy;
For Sarah recked not ere the morrow
Its mother would no mother be.

It recked not that the far-fetched breath
In which its shining ringlets played
Would be, ere then, the wreath of death—
In death's cold sleep the owner laid.

It recked not that, ere then would fleet
From it for ever—sad remove—
Its mother's love—earth's purest sweet—
For what's so sweet as mother's love?

What eyes will like a mother's melt,
When by mishap her child's oppressed?
When happiness is by it felt
Who, as its mother, is so blessed?

Who like a mother braves repose
Her babe to watch, when sick it lies,
Till on her cheek health's vermeil rose,
Through weariness and sorrow, dies?

How fondly she her baby trims,
With love's star sparkling in her eye!
Her eye at all its anguish swims—
Her heart-strings dance at all its joy!

The baby recked not this, but Mary
Thought on it oft, which tore her breast—
Though painful, mother's love's ne'er weary—
Till death the thought ne'er sunk to rest!

Her husband oft she asked in prayer
To let her prattling seraphim
Be reared beneath her mother's care
When she was dead; and drew from him

A solemn promise—his base heart
Forbade him ever to fulfil.
The tone was such as dreams impart,
Like echo floating from a hill:

'Twas all a sound of mockery.
Yet they were joined till love took root;
Then sundered by fell cruelty
To nip affection's fragrant shoot;

But this has failed, and shall for ever,
To hurt the plant in virtue reared;
As well could wishes stop a river
As by the attempt one leaf be seared.

And, Edward, soon thy awe shall fail
To cause thy child its love to smother:
Ere long shall Sarah from thee steal,
To prattle with its mother's mother.

This thou forbidest! And canst thou sleep?
Do dreams of horror never come?
In dreams seest thou not Mary weep,
As wept her mother on her tomb?

In visions hear you not her prayer?
In dreams false vows again repeat;
While Satan cries, "Swear, Edward, swear;
Thy perjury shall the dying cheat."

Didst thou not love her who reposes
In the cold tomb's eternal rest?
Or were she merely as a rose is,
Which fancy places at the breast;

Which, while 'tis blooming beauteously,
Is often with true fondness kissed;
But, when its leaves begin to die,
Is even from the mind dismissed

Like sweetest music was her tone—
Music delighting to the last—
Yet scarce the pleasing cadence done
Ere from the cold remembrance cast?

Say what thou mayest, thy fiend-like soul
Nought but a shadow deigns to fill;
There love's like skies seen in a pool,
Or flowers' reflection in a rill.

Though thou art false—yea, false as hell—
By Mary it is heeded not;
She slumbers in that narrow cell
Where thou, base man, ere long shalt rot!

Oh, think on this! if capable,
Though thought would cause an inward strife,
Would kindle in thy breast a hell
As lasting as thy brutal life!

Yet, think (I joy to give advice),
Thy soul from ruin it may save:
Know there's a hell or paradise
For all, beyond the darksome grave.

AN EPITAPH ON JAMES BUTTERWORTH,

Of Royley Clough.

Here resteth Butterworth! a virtuous man,
Who ran life's tedious race as few e'er ran,
Frugal with self, to others generous he;
Untarnished by vain show his charity.
Truth's brilliant star, and honesty's bright gem,
And diligent industry joined with them;
The tender parent, and the husband kind,
Shone in his soul, and raised his sober mind,
Through manhood's course, above the feuds of strife,
And gilt with pleasing hopes his close of life.

AN EPITAPH FOR SALLY TAYLOR,

Of Thorpe.

While Sally crossed o'er Time's rude sea,
She truly was—what all should be—
She was (describe her no one can,
Save in these words) a true Christian!

AN EPITAPH FOR THOMAS CHADWICK,

Royton.

He died—how suddenly he died!
If you have e'er a bright star eyed
While it was shining gloriously,
Dart from its throne—that instant die.
See Chadwick's death, so sudden he
Was launched into eternity.
Yet, if charity, industry,
A love of peace and honesty,
Are those rich jewels of the breast
Which purchase happiness—he's blessed.

AN EPITAPH ON SARAH TRAVIS,

Holdenfold.

Fair virtue reigned within her mind,
Crowned in religion's gems, refined
By resignation; though in bloom
She died, she dreaded not the doom.

THE LATE EDWIN BUTTERWORTH.

Oh! what is man? a changeling at the best;
A selfish being, hankering after gain;
A patriot now—now forging slavery's chain,
And, censuring oft and vilely the oppressed,
He cringes to the high at their behest;
He rushes on the low with might and main,
Nor can the lisping babe his rage restrain,
Nor those whose heads with hoary hair are dressed.

He longs for power and favour, breathes a lie
  Both dark and foul; will e'en become a spy;
  Will stoop to deeds perfidious, mean, and fell;
Will dash the cup of bliss from kin and friends;
Nay, e'en to gain his impious, sordid ends,
  He'll mock his God, and link his fate with hell.

That man is fell and fickle, I've been taught—
  Taught by experience—taught by heart-felt woe;
  And so was one I knew, who now lies low,
One who with deep research and strength of thought
A splendid code of local history wrote,
  In which, despite of each embittered foe,
  The name of Butterworth will ever glow.
But though he was with such bright talents fraught,
  As in immortal lustre spread his fame,
  Yet strangers only have enshrined his name.
Shame be to those who circled round his hearth
In sweet converse with him. Oh! what were they?
A group of shadows in life's sunny ray
  That disappeared at the historian's death.

They found him poor, and though far learned, self-taught;
  They name him not because that he was low;
  They name not, now, the rich and radiant bow
Which spanned the cloud that poverty had brought;
They name not him who had so nobly wrote
  Those gems of learning which through years will glow,
  And on the "yet unborn" their lustre throw.
They name him not who searched the past, and caught
The startling horrid, and the sheen that cheers,
  Then, with artistic skill and talent sage,
  Upon the skies of the historic page
Dash the rich purple of departed years,
  Which brightly threw around his humble name
  The splendid halo of effulgent flame.

TO DRUIDISM.

If there is joy high Heaven beneath,
  Which melts the ills that shroud,
'Tis where hope braids its rainbow-wreath
  On sorrow's darkling cloud:
Then in thee, Druidism, gleams
  That soul-entrancing spell;
For hope, with its delighting beams,
  There weaves the iris well.

With cheering look faith walks thy clime,
  In Eden beauty clad;
There whispers love, in words sublime,
  That soothes the sick and sad.
Thou art a glory, undefiled,
  In which the sacred blend—
A blessing to the orphan child,
  The mourning widow's friend.

Where'er thy heiroglyphics shine,
  Delight its glory pours;
Joy, scattered by the hand divine,
  Drops from the passing hours.
The mystic bands that cling to thee,
  Woe-darkened souls illume;
With spells that flash from charity
  They gild or break the gloom.

Soon may thy light be spread afar,
  Dark clouds be from thee hurled,
That all may see the Bethlehem star
  Gleam o'er a wondering world.
All ranks would then to suffering worth
  Such kindly aid impart
As springs from love, that glistens forth
  And gilds the dreary heart.

LINES,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING A BOY GATHERING FLOWERS AND HEARING HIM SING AT THE SAME TIME.

'Tis joy to see thy sunny glee
Throw its rich splendour on the bloom,
Which blows as lovely on the lea
As glory on a seraph's plume,

'Tis joy to hear thy merry voice
Speak music the gay flowers among,
Till the surrounding hills rejoice
And echoes chant thy dulcet song.

Far as thy sweet, wild warbling pours
Its mellow notes the lea athwart,
It sweetly tells that passing hours
Drop smiling roses on thy heart.

'Tis joy to see from bower to bower
Thy eager feet their swiftness ply
In the fond chase of that gay flower—
Spring's hovering bloom—the butterfly.

To see thee gathering flowerets gay,
Whose answering smiles seem blent with thine,
To my sad spirit bring a ray—
A fleeting gleam of joy's sunshine.

To see thee braid them in thy hair,
With choice selection one by one,
Brings to my mind the days that were,
But now, alas! for ever gone.

And yet 'tis joyous to behold
Thy young eyes flashing with delight,
While flowerets grace the curls of gold
Which dance above thy features bright.

Like thee, in youth, the butterfly
I chased, unchecked by care's control;
Like thee, fair flowerets pulled—mine eye
The while flashed glory from my soul.

Youth is a flower—life's noble rose,
Like glory's blush so bright and fair;
The sweets of joy it round it throws,
And smiles above the thorns of care.

But, ah! its wintry loss how drear;
It heralds fate, which darkens home;
Which has—I tell it with a tear—
Filled my once sunny breast with gloom.

The music of my household mirth
Has turned to acrid groans and tears;
And vacancy surrounds my hearth—
No rainbow gilds my gloom of years.

Save hope of heaven, I'm lone and drear—
The fate of age—life's wildest bane:
As thine, my youth was bright and clear;
As mine, thy life may darkly wane.

Now, one bright scene of loveliness
Meets thine enravished gaze, dear child;
But time, I fear, will wear it less,
And bear thee to a thorny wild.

Wild sorrow's everlasting cloud
May gather round thy life's bright morn;
Thy home be darkened by the shroud,
By countless ills thy breast be torn;

Friend after friend succeeding years
May from thy fire-side circle tear,
Till thou mayest find, with hoary hairs,
Thyself alone—thy homestead bare.

Then thou mayest gaze beside thy hearth,
Where once their young bright faces shone—
Where echoed once their songs of mirth,
But gaze on vacancy alone.

And as thy friends thy hopes depart,
Their flight surveyed by bleeding thought,
Then wild woe tells the desert heart,
As brooding o'er the ruin wrought.

Yet no, thy breast may own a star,
When all beside is from it riven,
A sparkling hope death cannot mar—
Its light too firmly linked with heaven.

If so, the bright ones gone before thee,
When thy freed soul unfurls its wing,
Shall greet thee with eyes flashing glory,
To one vast never-ending spring.

LINES ON A VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT UNFORTUNATE GIRL.

I knew a girl, and she was fair,
Rich beauty gleamed her face athwart,
Health spread its blushing roses there,
And graced the summer of her heart.

Her hair, in yellow ringlets rolled,
Hung neatly on her fair young brow—
Resembling there bright shreds of gold
Placed on a bank of virgin snow.

I've seen her, with delight and joy,
Skip gaily through the blooming bowers;
And there she seemed to Fancy's eye
An angel in a world of flowers.

Her spirit was as wild and free
As is the sportive mountain roe,
Or bird that flits from tree to tree
Within the verdant wood below.

She moved there like a beam of light,
With step too floating, soft and fleet,
To crush the flowers, so sweet and bright,
Whose charming petals kissed her feet.

I've heard her voice in hymn and prayer,
In pity's strain I've heard it oft;
It seemed as, floating in the air,
Like tones seraphic, sweet and soft.

E'en when her spirit took its flight
O'er her pale lips an anthem passed,
Which gave to listening saints delight—
But, woe to me, it was her last.

I've seen her eyes in flashes throw
A mental radience from her soul,
Have seen them for another's woe
In sympathetic waters roll.

She was a glory bright, though brief,
A solace to the soul distressed,
A rainbow on the cloud of grief,
A bright star o'er the dreary breast.

But soon, alas! 'twas hers to know
The throes of wild convulsive pain,
To meet such agonising woe
As rends the heart or fires the brain.

Soon from her heart full many a tear
A false one wrung with impious lies;
They gave a pang she could not bear,
She sank, oh God! no more to rise.

But though from earth so rudely driven
No power the pious soul can mar;
Hers winged to bliss, is now in heaven,
Its dome an everlasting star.

THE OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT ON A WINTER NIGHT.

Dark is the night, the sky's o'ercast,
And snow is spread o'er regions vast,
And still it is descending fast
On glebe and wood;
The icy north sends forth a blast
That chills the blood.

This night, sweet songster of the spring,
Dost thou to some warm thicket cling,
Thy head upon thy shoulders fling,
In sleep profound?
Or is thy pretty dappled wing
Sealed to the ground?

If in the morn thy crimson flood
Still runs, oh! where, in search of food
To nourish life and warm thy blood,
Bird, wilt thou go?
Since every field and every wood
Is wrapped in snow.

Haply instinct, at peep of morn,
Will be thy guide to yonder thorn,
Where haws did every bough adorn,
Ere this dread night;
Or else to yonder stack of corn
Direct thy flight.

Alas, poor bird! I pity thee;
Hard, hard indeed, is thy decree—
Doomed the rude storm's severity
Unscreened to bear.
Yes, hard's thy fate, but, woe is me!
Mine's more severe.

Soon spring will come in sun and showers,
And deck with lovliest hues the bowers;
Delight to thee in rosy hours
Will then be given.
For me the future has no flowers,
No spring but heaven.

Thou mourn'st not for the vanished throng,
Whose strains once mingled with thy song;
But o'er past friends I've oft and long
Felt bitter woes;
And well I might—life's thorns among
Each was a rose.

My friends are few, are waxing cold;
This means not now—though poor, I'm old,
May soon be with the dead enrolled,
My soul at rest:
I trust in glories yet untold—
A spirit blest.

Like thee the present I must bear,
Nor have I food nor hope to cheer;
In search of it where can I steer
At peep of morn?
For me and her who still is dear
There is no thorn.

WAR AND PEACE.

There is stern grandeur in dread war,
When clashing swords meet deadly spears,
When battle guns are heard afar,
And leaping havoc all things tears;
Yet brutalised that man must be
Who can unmoved see carnage leap
On battle ground with bloody glee,
Exulting at the deadly sweep.

I love not war, it blushes blood,
It is the fount of death's red stream,
It spreads amongst the wise and good
Devastation's horrid flame;
Oh! give me peace, it yields no pain,
For it the sword ne'er quits its sheath,
It drinks the nightingale's sweet strain,
With listening lambs leaned on the heath.

I love not war, 'tis fiercely wild,
It tears in twain affection's ties,
Makes orphan many a lovely child,
Dyes red with grief its mother's eyes:
Oh! give me peace, for it ne'er brings
To any heart high heaving woes,
But where its lucid rays it flings
The flower of joy in glory blows.

I love not war; it in one hand
Bears famine, in the other fire,
And 'neath its deadly blazing brand
The loveliest, dearest things expire.
Oh! give me peace, its very form
Is loveliness, its presence joy,
It dwells above the thunder storm,
Lives in the glory of the sky.

I love not war—its very tones
Herald ruin—it roars, and then
An answering chorus of deep groans
Is loudly breathed by wounded men;
From me let martial music float,
It drowns the woodland mellow lay,
And who'd forego the lark's sweet note
To hear the hooting bird of prey?

I love not war; the cot, the throne,
It wraps in ruin's deepest gloom,
And with it stalks, from zone to zone,
Wild chaos, wrapped in bloody bloom.
Oh! give me peace, its voice is song,
In the soul's ear it music pours,
Sweet flowers it strews life's path along,
And gives existence sunny hours.

I love not war; on sea or shore
'Tis a fierce hurricane of strife,
And to the chaunting of its roar
Death dances on the wreck of life.
Oh! give me peace, it will remove
The care by which the heart is riven;
'Tis life's bright glory, beaming love,
The good man's hope, the rose of heaven.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The battle gun's dread roar had ceased,
The moon and stars shone bright and clear,
When Emma's gushing woes increased,
Wrung from her by renewing fear.

Her William from the bloody plain
Of Waterloo had not returned;
Through which she heaved deep sighs of pain,
And o'er his absence wildly mourned.

Her babe she clasped, and weeping hied
In search of him, nor rambled far,
Ere him her longing eyes descried
Amongst the horrid wrecks of war:

'Mongst groups of slain and scattered arms,
Groaning beside his cap and plume,
Despoiled of all his manly charms,
Laid on death's flowers of gory bloom.

Soon as her footsteps echoes raised,
Whose well known music reached his ear,
His eyes, which had in battle blazed,
Melted with love and dropped a tear.

His Emma fair he mutely eyed,
Too feeble he for utterance grown;
His hand dropped from his bleeding side,
And death's cloud o'er his eyes was thrown.

Inspired with hope, she called his name,
Exposed the babe he'd oft caressed;
But no kind look nor answer came—
The wounded soldier was at rest.

She fell beside her warrior bold,
A prey to anguish deep and wild;
Next morning found her stiff and cold,
Clasping her weeping orphan child!

LINES TO SLANDER.

How wild and withering are thy powers,
  Pernicious slander—source of care—
Thou whisperest, and the bosom flowers
  No longer are they bright and fair;
Thy tongue produces dark despair,
  A violent throb, a settled throe,
A thought that hurries here and there,
  Urged by the piercing spur of woe.

Thy birth took place so long ago
  That centuries since have rolled away;
The ancients were well taught to know
  The power of thy soul crushing sway;
From that time to the present day
  Joy thou beneath thy feet hast trod;
Deprived hope of its every ray
  Save that whose glory clings to God.

One whom I grieve, who sleeps below,
  Through thee in youth resigned his breath;
He told that he was wronged, and how
  Was answered but with scoffing mirth.
This from his bosom tore life's wreath,
  And filled with frenzied woe the void;
Life charmed no more, he sought for death—
  Found death at last in suicide.

Alike thou deal'st to high and low
  Detraction's desolating blight;
Where'er 'tis dealt fame's lucid glow
  Sinks darkling into scandal's night;
And far extends thy fatal might;
  O'er earth's expanse thy bane is spread—
Nay, in the grave thou spit'st thy spite,
  And mar'st the glory of the dead.

Thou hast e'en severed many a core,
Through thee in exile many groan,
The block thou oft hast stained with gore,
Torn many a monarch from his throne;
The fatal deeds which thou hast strewn
Have spread red ruin wide and far,
Have ended more than e'er were known
To fall in pestilence or war.

Oh! curse the heart that dotes on thee,
It harbours but the mean and fell,
'Tis big with blighting infamy—
With vice beyond my power to tell;
It is the dark and slimy cell
Where skulk the vicious and the foul,
The mischief-breeding court of hell,
The dwelling of a villain's soul.

TO THE ROSE.

Hail! bonny rose, ambrosial flower;
Thou gild'st with glory thy green bower;
Thou art, in sunshine or in shower,
A rich delight;
A transient thing, yet, through life's hour,
Sweet, fair, and bright.

Whilst I am viewing thy fair bloom,
And drinking deeply thy perfume,
'Tis mine to think on thy sad doom,
And heave a sigh:
The morning's glories may not come
Ere thou must die!

This was the fate of my dear maid;
Round her sweet smiles her ringlets played;
Her laughing bloom her health displayed
At bright day's close:
At morning in the shroud was laid
My bosom's rose!

This is the fate of many now
Whose bosom-sunbeams gild health's glow;
Whose hopes a glorious long life throw
'Twixt death and them:
Ere sunrise death's wild winds will blow,
And them o'erwhelm.

Those who shall live a length of years
Shall see their friends, through burning tears,
Like cloudless night's bright twinkling spheres,
Pass one by one;
As in death's gloom each disappears,
Till all are gone.

Thus the fond heart's fair flowers are shorn;
Thus earth's bright links in twain are torn,
Through which desire and hope are borne,
On prayer's bright wing,
To where unfading flowers adorn
An endless spring.

THOUGHTS IN AFFLICTION.

Where is my tender Mother now,
Whose fondness shed a flood of tears
When sickness shaded my young brow,
And filled her trembling soul with fears?

Where is that Sire who fondly bore,
With bleeding breast, my baby form,
When pale disease my young frame tore,
And threatening was affliction's storm?

Away, away from me they're gone—
Gone to pure worlds, for ever bright;
By virtue borne to God's high throne,
To glory's everlasting light.

What though no Mother's pitying eye,
Nor Sire's kind glances soothe my pain,
I'm not alone—my Brother's nigh,
And solace warbles in his strain.

My Mother's and my Father's room
He nobly takes, at which hopes rise,
Whose faint rays gild my heart's deep gloom
As dim sun gilds the misty skies.

He views my languid, withering frame,
Which with wild agony now faints,
As angels, in a good man's dreams,
Cast looks of love on dying saints.

Save his there is no pitying eye,
No solace to my sad soul given;
'Tis well, or kindred's sympathy
Might flash its light 'twixt me and heaven.

The flowers my youth bound round my core,
Though cherished, prematurely pined—
Some rent away, and parting tore
The very heart-strings they entwined.

Gone is the last and loveliest rose,
But left behind a lasting thorn;
Fate o'er it wintry shadows throws
An icy night that knows no morn:

Yet cease, my soul, to mourn its loss,
Bear, firmly bear affliction's smart;
Smile on thy task—the Christian's cross
Is the wild bramble of the heart.

The glittering stars which gem the sky,
The blushing flowers that gild the sod,
Each looking love, will lure thine eye,
And sweetly draw thy thoughts to God.

Go, knowledge glean for life to come,
With bright and sterling hope be blest,
Thy youth's fair flowers again shall bloom,
Entwined around thee when at rest.

THE WINTER ROSE.

A SONNET.

Hail! visitant of storm!—hail! flowery fair;
Lone, in a wintry world, 'tis thine to bloom;
A bower of icy garlands is thy home;
'Tis thine to breathe the snow-clad chilling air;
I view thee with delight, yet with a tear.
Thou art a glory, placed on Nature's tomb;
Though richer beauties in the spring may come,
None to my desert heart will be so dear.
Gazing on thee, I think on days gone by—
Think on a girl, who once with smiles eyed thee;
A girl whose smiles were gleams of heaven to me;
A girl who now but lives in memory:
My desolated bosom's winter rose,
Whose hues are brightest in my wildest woes.

A SONNET ON MAY.

There is in May a gayness in the bowers,
A dazzling glory in the noontide beam;
And in the lustre of the glistening gleam,
Fair beauty laughing on her throne of flowers.
May is the time of song, in its gay hours
The wild wood warblers with soft music teem;
And whilst performing their melodious theme,
The soul is ravished by their vocal powers.
May is the time when nature's glory reigns,
When rose and gold emblazon land and skies,
When woods are hallowed by symphonious strains,
And grandeur walks the world, dispensing joys—
Joys so delicious, that if sweeter given
Earth knows them not; their residence is heaven.

A SONNET TO THE SNOWDROP.

Thy bed, lone flower, it is the chilling snow,
And angry storm-winds rudely toss thy bloom;
O'er thy meek form hang skies in wintry gloom,
And yet thy leaves with vigorous beauty grow.
Thou seem'st a spirit sent to sooth our woe
With news of brighter days ere long to come,
When sun-gilt flowers shall burst their icy tomb,
And in their maiden blushes sweetly blow.
Type of that hope, that spirit of the breast,
Which, in wild storms of dark adversity,
Points with a glorious smile at future rest;
When in angelic loveliness shall be
Called from the darksome graves the young and hoary,
To grace the spring of everlasting glory.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

A SONNET.

If thou in satire wish to excel,
To gross abuse thy Muse must never cling;
But, nobly soaring, take a loftier wing,
And breathe forth words of fire and thoughts that quell.
To draw a man from actions fierce and fell
Thy every word must from discretion spring,
And in thy verse thou must sweet roses fling,
To please his carnal soul and sting as well.
To call a man a "monster" gains no end,
Except to strip the breather of a friend;
Such language proves its breather vile and narrow:
Proves him a loon—one of the meanest class;
Proves that in mind he's but a chirping "sparrow",
Or, what is coarser still, a "braying ass."

MY MOTHER.—A SONNET.

When mirth unfurled its radiance in mine eye,
And its effulgence met my mother's sight,
It gave her doting soul a sweet delight,
A brief enjoyment of ecstatic joy;
But when my breast was burdened with a sigh,
Her eyes with rapture were no longer bright;
The cloud of grief was there as dark as night,
And from it gushed her heart's deep agony.
How strong a mother's love! mine on me cast
A look of fondness as she breathed her last.
This tremblingly I saw; yet, when death stole
Her fleeting breath, I wept not, could not weep;
My sorrow was too fierce—how wild and deep
That woe that settles tearless on the soul.

AN ADDRESS TO SPRING.

A SONNET.

Thou scatterest glory in the sunny hours,
Spreadest on the earth a garb of various bloom,
A deep-hued carpet, on which man may roam,
And gaze on myriads of ambrosial flowers,
And listen to the birds, whose vocal powers
Entrance the soul, and breathe the airs that come
O'er the gay land, conveying rich perfume
From the sweet blossom of the blushing bowers.
Whence art thou, and for what, delighting thing?
Art thou a syren's spirit, from on high
Sent to allure our thoughts beyond the sky,
Where there are sunny hours that know no gloom,
Eternal music, and unfading bloom,
Imparting glory in an endless spring?

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